

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,588

MAY 5, 1900



# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

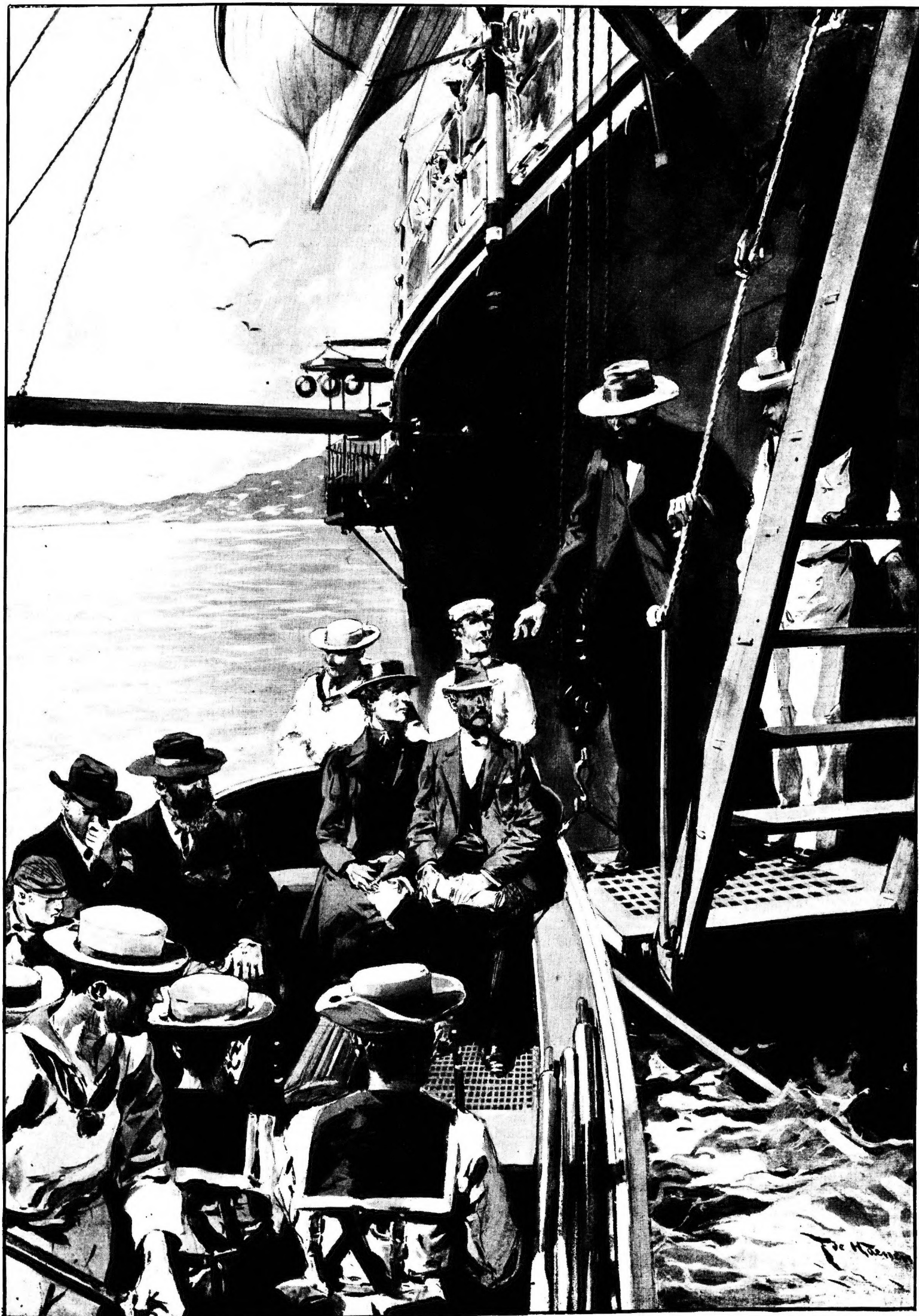
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1900

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DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. JILLHOUSE, R.N.

General Cronje, his wife, his son, and his A.D.C., were taken on board the transport *Milwaukee* in the armed cutter of H.M.S. *Doris*. The *Milwaukee* took them and other prisoners to St. Helena, where they were landed a week or so since.

EXILED: GENERAL CRONJE EMBARKING ON THE S.S. "MILWAUKEE" FOR ST. HELENA



## Topics of the Week

**The Boer Peace Delegates**—"Intervention Delegates" would be a more appropriate name for them—has failed, and on Thursday Messrs. Fischer, Wolmarans, and Wessels left the hospitable shores of the Netherlands to prosecute their search for allies in the Far West. Though their enterprise was hopeless from the beginning they can scarcely be blamed for undertaking it. After the delusions with which Dr. Leyds had fed the Transvaal so assiduously it would have been unreasonable to expect President Kruger and his colleagues to believe that the Powers were in earnest in their first refusals to intervene on their behalf. The scales have now fallen from their eyes. The Dutch Government have done their best for them, but the only result of their efforts has been to render absolutely clear the determination of the Powers to preserve their neutrality to the end. Of sympathy, or rather antipathy to Great Britain, they have found an abundance in irresponsible quarters, but the policies of European statesmen are not moulded by sentiment, and certainly not by the sentiments of the hare-brained persons whose ravings have been accepted in Pretoria as voicing the opinion of the Continent. Every European statesman knows that any attempt to intervene in the present war would be resented by this country, and that the intervener could only persist at the risk of war. There is no single Power that is prepared to accept this risk, while a combination is impossible. When the Powers find themselves called upon to choose between the political extinction of two African Republics which will in no way impair their material interests, and a great conflagration which would upset the whole European equilibrium, they cannot hesitate. It may be from their point of view a choice of evils, but there is no doubt as to which is the lesser evil. What prospects have the delegates in the United States? From Mr. McKinley's Administration, of course, they know already they have nothing to expect. Mr. Hay will receive them courteously as distinguished strangers, but to their prayer for intervention he can only reply in the same terms that he has already replied to Mr. Montague White. They have some hope, however, of stirring up American public opinion, and of making their cause an issue in the Presidential Election. It is, unfortunately for them, a very desperate hope. A section of the Democrats will no doubt endeavour to make use of them, and, indeed, Mr. Bryan has already made a rash promise to take their case in hand should the electors send him to the White House. Mr. Bryan in Washington, however, will prove a very different person from Mr. Bryan on a Chicago platform. If it should be his good fortune to take the place of Mr. McKinley, and in that capacity to have to weigh the friendship of Great Britain against that of the Boer Republics, we need be in no doubt as to his decision. Mr. Bryan is not an Imperialist, and, consequently, does not require the friendship of Great Britain precisely in the same way as does Mr. McKinley, but he is, like every other American, a convinced Monroeist, and he must know that were Great Britain erased from the list of Great Powers, the Monroe Doctrine would assuredly die with her. The Boer delegates will, no doubt, have a pleasant time in the United States, but otherwise they are not likely to profit by their journey.

**The Growth of Imperial Federation** NOT often has London witnessed a more illustrious gathering than that which accepted the invitation of the British Empire League to do honour to the Australian delegates and to the gallant troops from that part of the Empire who are now fighting for the Queen's supremacy in South Africa. The presence of the Prince of Wales added farther distinction to the banquet, and gave it marked significance as a demonstration of Imperial unity. That was the key-note of the principal speeches, especially of those delivered by the Premier and the Colonial Secretary. Some of us are apt to wax impatient because that grandest of all schemes, Imperial Federation, takes a long time in accomplishment. But the real matter for wonder is, considering the enormous difficulties of the undertaking, that such rapid progress has been made. It seems only the other day that people who looked forward to the coming solidification of the Empire were regarded as visionaries. But now even the most pessimist oracles count upon the early realisation of the "dream," as it used to be contemptuously styled, as certain. Indeed, the present danger lies more in the direction of undue optimism than in despair of a successful solution. Great difficulties have still to be surmounted, and Lord Salisbury spoke a word in season by deprecating efforts to "rush" the consummation so universally desired. Happily, the splendid services rendered by the Colonial troops, and the Imperial sentiment evinced by the Governments which sent them forth, create a bond of union, as the Premier justly observed, which neither time nor circumstance can ever weaken. The South African campaign has knit Greater Britain to Great Britain in a manner and with a quickness which all the negotiations in the world would have failed to accomplish in the same brief period.

### The Fire at Ottawa

THE capital of Canada has been overwhelmed with a disaster as terrible as it is sudden. Within less than twenty-four hours some 18,000 people have been rendered homeless, and property to the value of millions sterling has been destroyed. A great flood or a great fire are almost the only agencies that could effect such cruel destruction in so brief a space of time. The latter was the agent at Ottawa, and the huge lumber industry upon which the city thrives explains the ease with which the fire, once fairly kindled, outran all attempts to check it. In the bitterness of the first few moments the citizens of Ottawa seem to have jumped to the conclusion that the ruin of their homes was the work of Fenians, but happily there is nothing to confirm this terrible theory. The disaster must be set down to pure carelessness long continued, or to such accidents as may happen even to the most prudent. Fortunately, when disasters of this magnitude do occur, the world is less eager to lecture the sufferers than to bring them help. As fast as the news of this terrible misfortune were sped to all parts of the globe, messages of sympathy were wired and cabled back, and with them substantial aid. Suffering recognises no frontiers, and from across the American border, as well as from all parts of the Dominion, money and useful comforts have been sent by the trainload. The aid from the old country must, of necessity come later, but it will be given with no grudging hand. England is rich enough and generous enough to give help to Canada, even at a moment when very heavy calls have been made upon every purse, first for South Africa and then for India.

### A Bad Beginning

OUR neighbours can hardly need to receive assurance that British sympathy of the most genuine kind goes out to them in connection with the deplorable calamity at the Paris Exhibition. The loss of so many lives, and the maiming of a much larger number of visitors just after the opening of the great international show, cannot fail to cloud its prospects for a time. There are still many people, both cultured and uncultured, who put as much faith in omens as ever the Romans did, and among them there will be a general disposition to regard the collapse of the flimsy bridge as a solemn warning to keep away from the Exhibition. One of the most distressing features of the breakdown is that it can hardly be called "accidental." The bridge lay under official suspicion of unsoundness to such an extent that the municipal architect forbade the removal of the supporting scaffolding. That was done, all the same, and the same result instantly followed, as when, in some coal pit, a reckless miner removes the timbering upholding the roof. What remains to be explained is who it was that deliberately set the order of the municipal architect at defiance. The ill-fated bridge was, it appears, a private construction, although within the Exhibition grounds, and the proprietors are responsible, therefore, in the first instance. There is far too much of this running of needless risks in London as well as at Paris. Orders of the first moment for public safety are frequently treated with contempt, and should prosecution follow, as sometimes occurs, the offender is let off lightly on promising to be more law-abiding for the future.

**Underground Bakeries** WHILE it is natural enough that sympathy should be felt for those proprietors of underground bakeries which will have to be disestablished in 1904, under the provisions of the Factories and Workshops Bill, this feeling will not extend so far as to approve of any relaxation of that most salutary ordinance. The public health is, after all, the first consideration, and as scientific medical opinion is strongly hostile to the manufacture of bread on premises where free ventilation is impracticable, the Bill is demanded in the national interest. There is another and even worse evil than non-ventilation clinging to underground bakeries in towns; they are, and must be, liable to the permeation of foul and poisonous gases from adjacent drains. In a word, they are eminently unsuited for the preparation of the staff of life, and it is greatly to be hoped that Parliament will not emasculate the provisions of the measure dooming them to extinction in another four years. At the same time, liberal consideration should be accorded to those who bought this description of property at high prices, in the belief that its use would never be disallowed by the State. They have, unquestionably, a strong case for compensation commensurate with the loss of profits consequent upon removal to some new quarter, where above-ground bakeries are obtainable.

"One of the most impartial of our Daily Press."—THE RT. HON. EARL NORTHBROOK, G.C.S.I., in the *Nineteenth Century* for March.

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ONE PENNY DAILY.

## The Court

THE Royal visit to Ireland is now only a memory, but its good effect will be long-enduring. Sovereign and people have learnt to know each other better, Irish loyalty has been fanned to a white heat of enthusiasm, and the Queen's farewell letter to her Irish subjects shows how deeply Her Majesty appreciated their welcome. Besides genial affectionate words from the Queen, the Irish people have reaped plenty of honours and substantial benefits. The Lord Mayors of Dublin and Belfast become baronets, the Mayor of Cork is made Lord Mayor and receives knighthood, like the Mayor of Londonderry, numerous appointments are made to the Royal Victorian Order, and personal gifts of jewellery reward those officials who have worked hard in the Queen's service during her stay. Her Majesty also intends to present the City of Dublin with a piece of plate to be handed down as an heirloom through the Lord Mayors, while Dublin itself, at the initiative of the Royal Dublin Society, proposes to erect a statue of the Queen as a memento of the Royal visit. Handsome gifts of money were also left behind by Her Majesty for the Royal Irish Constabulary Jubilee Fund and the Dublin Metropolitan Police Orphan Fund, together with 1,000*l.* for the Dublin poor—which will be distributed among the hospitals. The Mounted Police, who have formed Her Majesty's escort, received Jubilee medals. Finally, a special message was sent to the Naval Brigade expressing the Queen's satisfaction with their bearing at the Review. On her side Her Majesty took away many souvenirs from Ireland—quantities of lace, poplin, and other dress materials, bog oak ornaments, jewellery and goldsmiths' work, all of native manufacture, so that Irish home industries profited very largely by the Queen and Princesses' patronage. A special gift to Her Majesty was a beautiful gold model of the Cross of Cong, which was made for an Irish monarch of the twelfth century, and is now in the Dublin Museum. This model was left to the wife of the O'Connor Don to be given to some crowned head, and therefore was presented by Madame O'Connor to the Queen.

The Royal journey homeward was full of pleasant incidents. As the Queen took her final drive in Dublin on the afternoon before her departure, crowds were waiting outside the Viceregal Lodge to express their enthusiasm by cries of "God bless your Majesty," "Come again soon," and so forth. These crowds, however, were nothing to the throngs who gathered next morning to wish the Queen farewell, massed along the whole route from the Viceregal Lodge to Kingsbridge, where the Royal party entrained for Kingstown. A guard of honour from the King's (Liverpool) Regiment saluted the Royal party as they left the Lodge, and after a brief halt to be photographed, the Queen passed outside into Phoenix Park to be greeted with cheers, "God Save the Queen," and "Come Back to Erin," shouted more lustily than harmoniously. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with various officials and a guard of honour from the Inniskillings, saw the Royal party off, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur, accompanied them to Kingstown. A similar scene of dense enthusiastic crowds, a guard of honour—this time from the Duke's old regiment, the Rifle Brigade—and a large gathering of officials, civil and military, awaited the Royal arrival at Kingstown, where the Queen was wheeled on board the *Victoria and Albert* by her Indian attendant, and soon appeared seated on deck to make her formal farewells. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Lord-Lieutenant with Countess Cadogan, then took their leave, and the Royal party went below to lunch, but the throngs of sightseers waited patiently till the *Victoria and Albert* left her moorings, followed by the *Osborne* and the Trinity yacht *Irene*, meeting in the roads her escort, the cruisers *Galatea* and the *Australia*, whilst the ships of the Channel Squadron led the way. The weather had been threatening, but happily cleared that very morning, so the Royal yacht had a fair and quick passage, reaching Holyhead a little before her time. The Queen spent the night on board the yacht in harbour, and by eleven next morning the harbour and the pier were crammed to witness the Royal landing. Flags decked every vessel and public building, the scene being very gay as the Queen landed, and after a few presentations the Royal train started amid cheers. The journey of 271 miles only took six and a half hours, and by 6 p.m. the Queen was once more at home in Windsor Castle after a specially warm welcome from the Royal Borough, which was gaily decorated.

No sooner was the Queen home than visits from the Royal Family began. The Prince of Wales came down to lunch on Sunday, and the two young Princesses of Connaught also drove over from Bagshot. In the evening Lord Salisbury and Lady Gwendolen Cecil dined with Her Majesty, while next evening Sir George and Lady White were the Queen's guests, Her Majesty taking the earliest opportunity to honour the defender of Ladysmith. Another group of Ladysmith heroes were entertained at Windsor on Wednesday, when the Queen inspected the Naval Brigade from the *Powerful*, and gave them a dinner in the Royal Riding School. Next week the Queen hopes to be in town to hold the Drawing Room on Friday for Princess Margaret of Connaught's *début*, and in the following week the Queen leaves for Balmoral, where her eighty-first birthday will be spent.

Our Royal Family are always so prompt to respond to the feelings of the nation that the Prince of Wales's letter of thanks to the public follows naturally the popular demonstration on his escape from assassination. After warmly acknowledging the expressions of sympathy received from all quarters of the globe, and his hearty welcome home, the Prince adds that "Such proofs of kind and generous feeling are most highly prized by me, and will for ever be cherished in my memory." The Prince was at South Kensington on Saturday to unveil the Memorial Statue of Professor Huxley at the Natural History Museum, and also found time to receive Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, who headed the *Powerful's* Naval Brigade at Ladysmith. On Monday night the Prince, with the Dukes of York and Cambridge, was present at the British Empire League banquet given in honour of the Colonial troops in South Africa, and to welcome the Australian delegates. Next evening he welcomed home the Princess of Wales from Copenhagen, whence she had travelled part of the way with the Dowager Empress of Russia.

**POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S GRAPHIC** are as follows:—To any part of the United Kingdom, 4d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 4d. FOR EVERY 2 OZ. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly **WEIGH AND STAMP** all copies so forwarded.

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## FESTIVAL of the SONS of the CLERGY.

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Service commences at half-past three with Sir Arthur Sullivan's "In Memoriam." The Anthem will be Bach's cantata, "Sleepers Awake" (Wachet Auf). The "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" will be sung to music by Miles Foster (in A.)

The Rev. **COSMO GORDON LANG, M.A.,** Vicar of Portsea, Hants, and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, will Preach.

Beethoven's Hallelujah Chorus from "The Mount of Olives" will conclude the Service.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Archbishops and Bishops, Stewards &c., will attend.

The **ANNUAL DINNER** will take place on the same day, at six o'clock for half-past six precisely, in Merchant Taylors' Hall, the **LORD MAYOR** presiding, supported by the Sheriffs, Archbishops, Bishops, Stewards, &c.

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The Lord Bishop of Ely (2nd time)

The Lord Bishop of Worcester (2nd time)

The Lord Bishop of Carlisle

The Lord Bishop of Wakefield

The Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man

Lord Lister, President of the Royal Society (3rd time)

The Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred J. Newton, Bart., Lord Mayor (2nd time)

The Hon. Mr. Justice Kekewich (5th time)

Sir John Whittaker Ellis, Bart., Alder-

Rev. A. H. Sanxay Barwell, M.A.

Prebendary of Chichester (4th time)

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**NOTICE.**—The **TWELFTH ANNUAL SHOW OF FOX TERRIERS**, **SMOOTH and WIRE-HAIRED**, by the **LONDON FOX TERRIER CLUB**, will be held **TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY next**, May 8, 9, and 10. (No extra charge and all Entertainments as usual.)

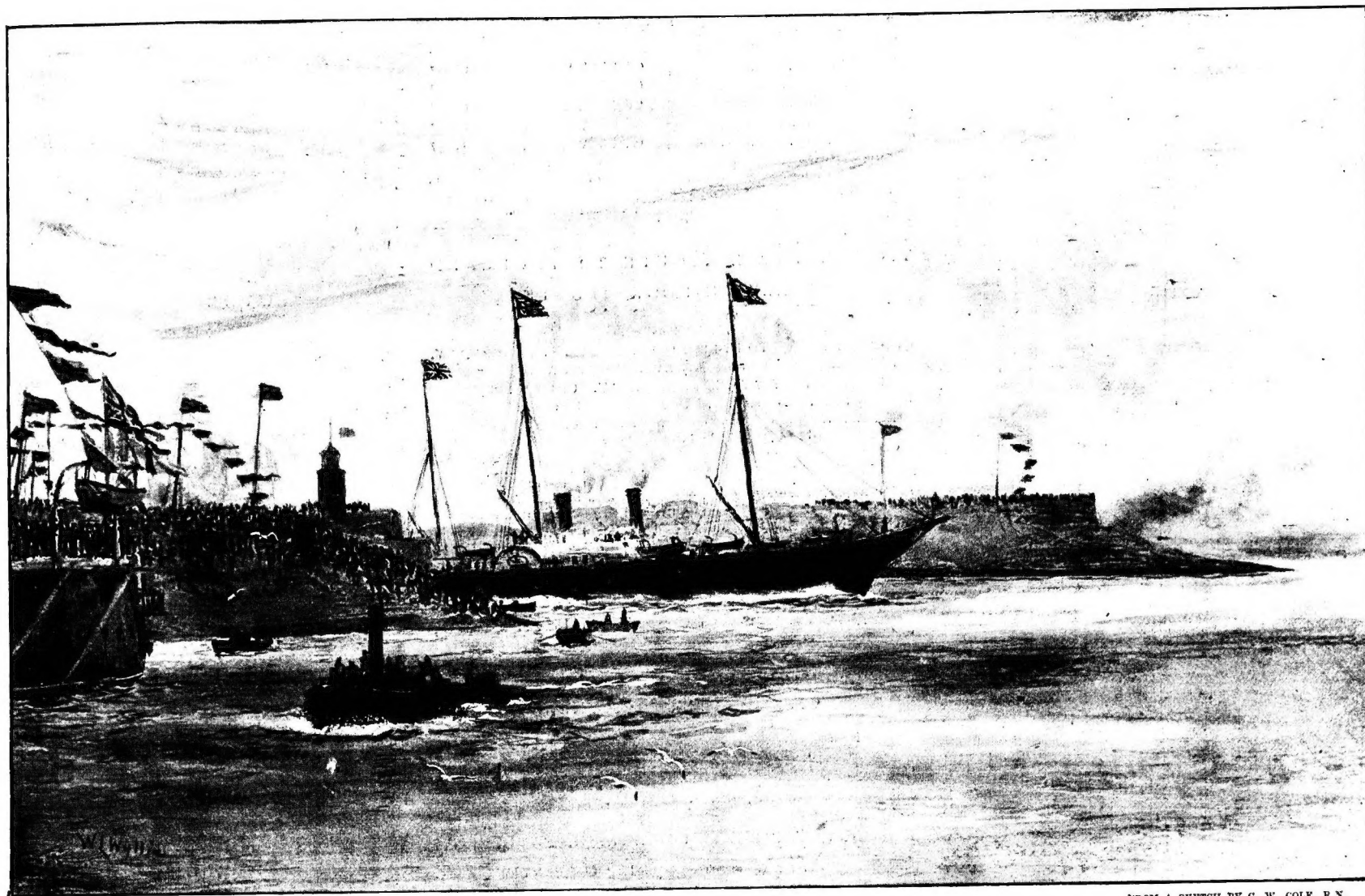
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DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. W. COLE, R.N.

At Kingstown an enormous crowd assembled to see the Queen embark on her homeward voyage. The day was delightful—the sun sparkling on the harbour waters, the ships of the Channel Fleet, the Royal yacht and its consort in the basin, and the hundreds of small craft in the harbour, all gay with bunting. The Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Cadogan, accompanied by a party of about twenty, arrived before one o'clock to receive Her Majesty, and there were also present the Duke of Connaught, Admiral Lake, the Earl of Meath (Lord-Lieutenant of County Dublin), and others. A platform carpeted with red cloth was erected in front of the pavilion, and Her Majesty alighted on this from the train. The band of the 4th Rifle Brigade played "God Save the Queen." The Queen reached the deck of her

yacht at a quarter past one, to the booming of a Royal salute fired by the guns of the Channel Squadron. By this time the *Pactolus* had sailed out and rejoined the ships of the fleet beyond the harbour. These in turn weighed anchor and proceeded slowly out to sea in a long stately line to await the Royal yacht. At a quarter past two o'clock, piloted by a small tugboat, the *Victoria and Albert* steamed out of the harbour on the return journey to Holyhead. The crowds cheered lustily, and "Come back to Erin" was chorused by the thousands who lined the long piers. Then to the east the ships steamed away, the people waiting until they were out of sight.

"COME BACK TO ERIN": THE QUEEN LEAVING KINGSTOWN HARBOUR





DRAWN BY F. DE HAESSEN

The cavalry found the kopjes at Driefontein (eight miles south of Abraham's Drift) strongly occupied and immediately attempted to outflank them. The Sixth Division (General Kelly-Kenny's) bore the brunt of the battle, and the 13th and 18th proceeded to clear the

kopjes under heavy fire, the fine behaviour of the Welsh Regiment being particularly noticed. The ridge was finally cleared by a bayonet charge, the Boers barely escaping under a galling fire. Our illustration shows Lord Roberts with his staff watching the battle

with field glasses. Subsequently Lord Roberts expressed great satisfaction with the behaviour of our men

FROM A SKETCH BY "C. G."

WATCHING THE FIGHT: LORD ROBERTS AND HIS STAFF WITNESSING THE FINAL PHASES OF THE ACTION OF DRIEFONTEIN



Club Comments

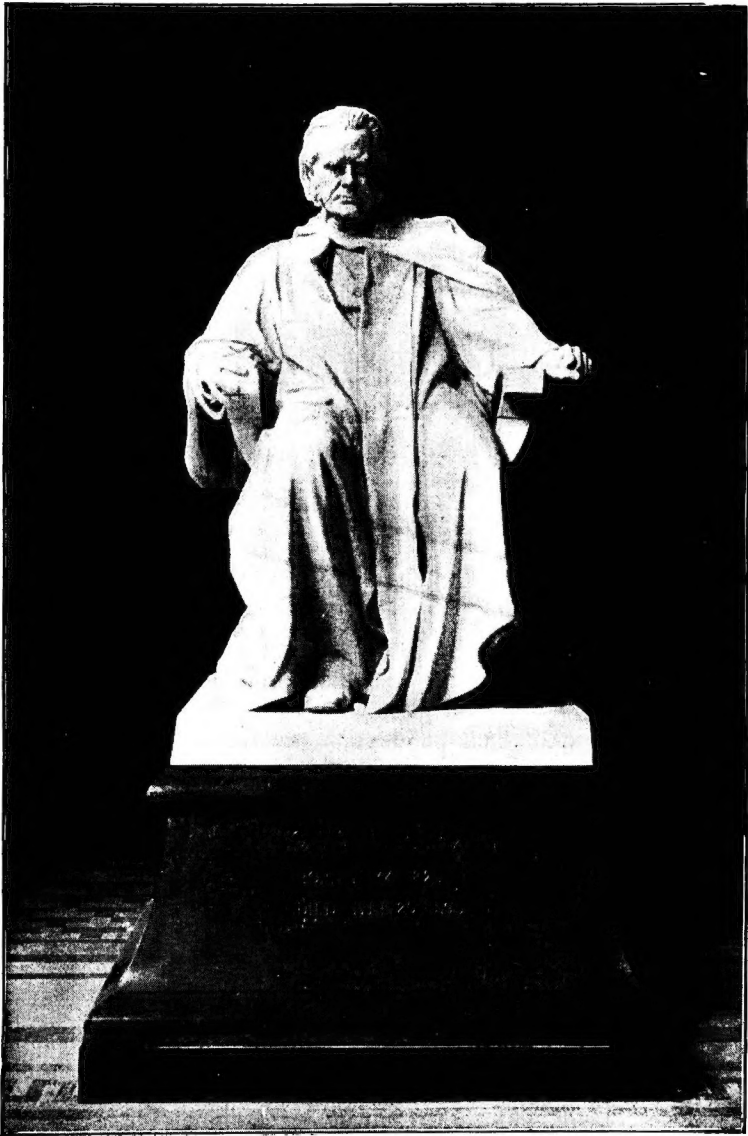
By "MARMADUKE"

THE exceptional success which attended the visit of the Queen to Ireland has brought two suggestions to the front again. It is felt by many that the Sovereign of Great Britain should have a Palace at Dublin, and that this should be provided by the State with as little delay as possible. The house in which the Queen was lodged during her visit to Dublin, besides being too small, was never designed to accommodate the Sovereign and the Court officials. Were there a Palace it is possible that members of the Royal Family would visit Ireland oftener in the future than they have in the past.

It is also suggested that the Queen should purchase an estate in Ireland. The climate apparently agrees with the Queen, and, had Her Majesty a place of her own, she might be tempted to return to Ireland next year, and on other occasions so long as the journey does not prove to be too fatiguing. It must be admitted that Ireland has been much neglected and the Irish much misunderstood and mismanaged. The principal products of the island are not bogs and Fenians. Were a tenth of the money which English men and women spend every year in the South of France to be spent in Ireland, the latter country would soon become more prosperous than it is, and the Irish would show how true it is to say that prosperity and patriotism go hand in hand.

Had the career of the new Royal yacht run as smoothly as it should, that fine ship would have been ready to carry the Queen to Ireland. There are those who imagine that Her Majesty contemplated making the recent visit when she signified her wish to have the yacht built. Were that the case the Queen must have had the matter in her mind for some years, which is probable, for Her Majesty—as the history of her reign proves—seldom acts on impulse. That consideration makes it possible to hope that the Queen may revisit Ireland next year, when the new Royal yacht will have had its defects removed.

Many make a provision in their wills that their heirs are not to invest money in Ireland. Some years ago a very shrewd man advised his heir to buy land in that country, and he was right. Land in Ireland is

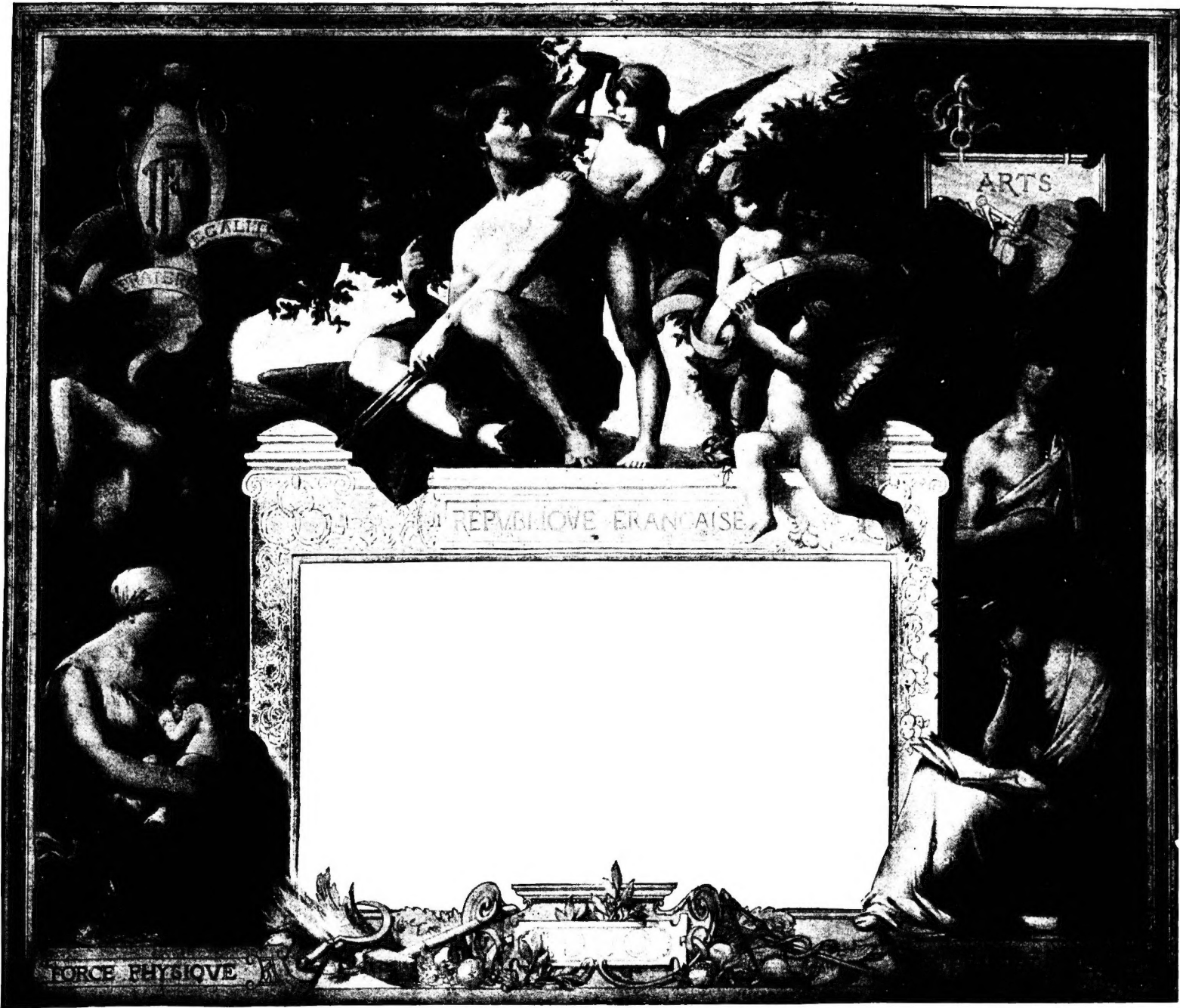


THE HUXLEY MEMORIAL IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM  
Our Photograph is by H. R. Holder

comparatively cheap, and, when the land questions are settled—as they must be one day—the value of property will increase side by side with the increase in the prosperity of the country. Ireland will be a great market for English goods in time, and a great centre for the employment of English capital. The visit of the Queen has taught politicians that the policy which has inspired the Government of Ireland during the past half-century had its faults, and the adoption of a new method may work wonders.

There appears to be some probability that our troops may have to winter in South Africa, for the winter season will soon commence in that country. We at home may find it difficult to realise that whilst we are having the hottest time of the year here the exact opposite will be the case there. It is for that reason that these lines are written. Almost every private letter which reaches England from the front tells the same tale, to wit, that the writer's clothes are in rags—more or less—and that his underclothing sadly needs to be replaced. That is bad enough in summer, but it will be a more serious matter in winter. The well-disposed at home should deal with this new situation with as much energy and generosity as they did with the old. Warm clothing must be sent to the troops, and at once, for it takes many weeks for gifts from England to reach their destination in South Africa.

Last Saturday the Prince of Wales went to the Natural History Museum to unveil the statue erected by the Huxley Memorial Committee. The statue is the work of Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., and was subscribed by admirers of the great scientist from all parts of the world. The Prince was accompanied by many of the trustees of the British Museum, among whom were the Earl of Elgin, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Hopetoun, Viscount Cross, the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Walsingham, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. John Morley, Sir Nathaniel Lindley, Dr. W. S. Church, President of the Royal College of Physicians, Lord Avebury, Viscount Peel, the Earl of Crawford, and the Attorney-General. The executive committee of the Memorial Fund, consisting of Lord Shand (chairman), Sir Joseph Fayrer, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir John Donnelly, Sir M. Foster, M.P., Sir A. Geikie, Sir Norman Lockyer, Sir Spencer Walpole, Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., Mr. P. L. Sclater, and Professor G. B. Howes (hon. secretary), attended the ceremony. Mrs. Huxley was also present.



THE DIPLOMA OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900  
DESIGNED BY CAMILLE BOIGNARD



The Coming of Age of the German Crown Prince

TRADITION has a strong influence in the House of Hohenzollern, and an old prophecy has been handed down that when a German Emperor shall have seven sons dire evil will befall both the dynasty and the nation. Happily, Emperor William's family of seven musters but six sons and one daughter, so the superstitious breathe freely at the danger being averted. The eldest of the six, Crown Prince Frederick William Victor Augustus Ernest, comes of age to-morrow (Sunday), his eighteenth birthday. When the Prince was born, at the Marble Palace, Potsdam, on May 6, 1882, there seemed little prospect of his holding his present position so early in life. Old Emperor William was still alive, the Crown Prince Frederick was in his prime, and the father of the baby was only plain Prince William. But before little Prince Frederick William was six years old he had come a step nearer the throne by the death of his great-grandfather, William I., while in three months' time the Emperor Frederick had passed away, William II. wore the Imperial Crown and the child was Crown Prince. From his birth the child was hailed with the utmost delight, for three generations of direct heirs were then a rarity. "The four Emperors" were photographed together, the old Emperor William holding his great-grandchild, whilst his son and grandson stood on either side—a family group which soon hung on every loyal German's wall. The aged Emperor was especially proud of his tiny descendant, and held him at the font when the child was baptised in the Jasper Gallery of the New Palace at Potsdam. Two other Emperors stood sponsors—those of Austria and Russia—together with three Kings, their Majesties of Italy, Belgium and Saxony.

At an age when most small boys think of nothing but play the youthful Crown Prince was taught to realise the responsibilities of his future position, and the result has been to make him sober and thoughtful beyond his years. Himself so devoted to duty, Emperor William steadfastly impressed the same lesson on his heir. The child was an apt pupil, and even went a little too far sometimes in asserting his position. But Emperor William's Spartan system of education soon checked the Crown Prince's failings, and he rapidly developed into a thoroughly nice boy, devoted to his parents and to his studies.



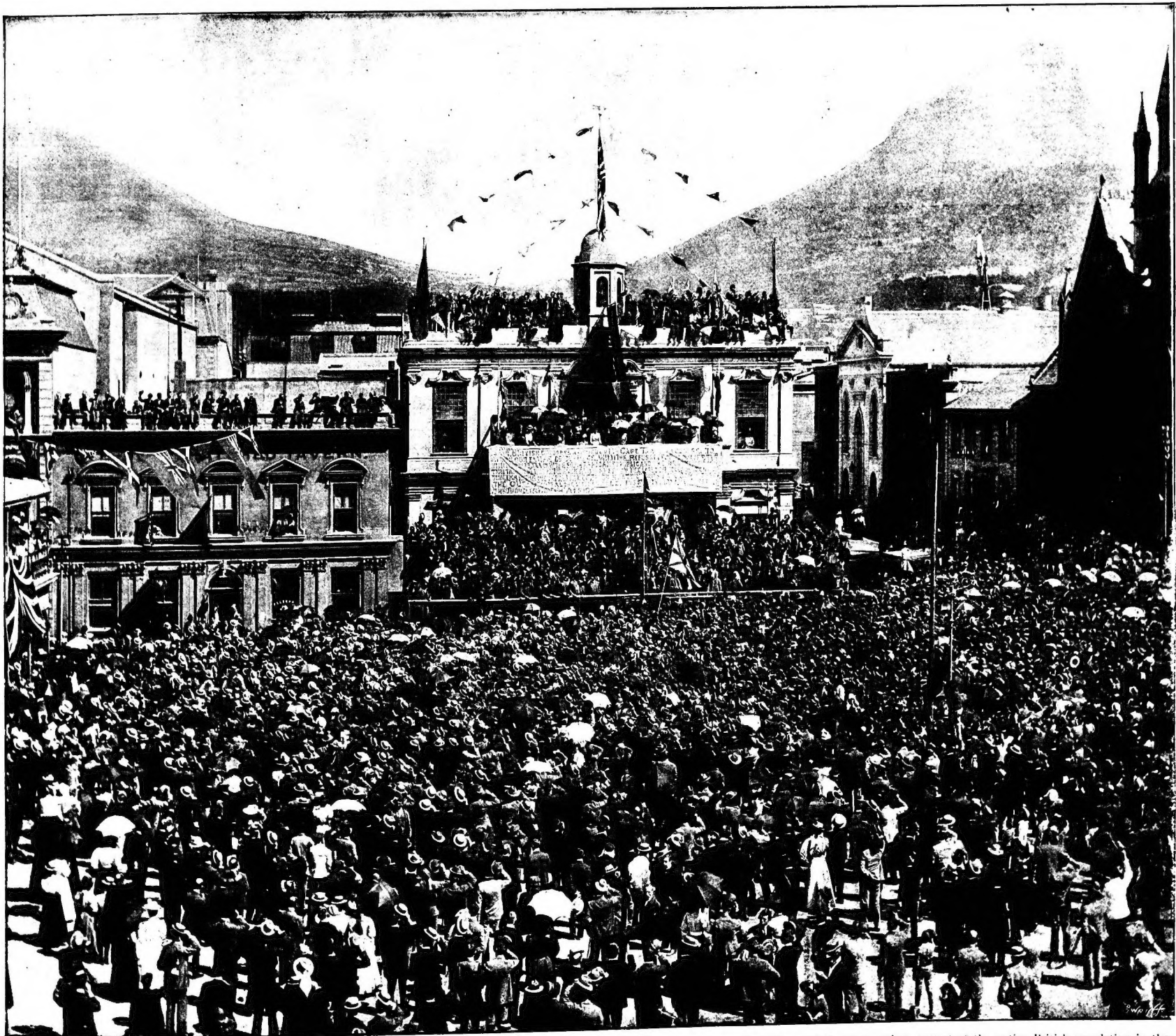
H.H.H. FREDERICK WILLIAM, GERMAN CROWN PRINCE  
Who Comes of Age May 6

In fact, he worked too hard, and became rather delicate until an easier régime, with plenty of outdoor exercise and recreation, restored his health.

Nothing could have been more simple and strict than the Princes' bringing up. Rising every morning at seven they had a light breakfast, at which the Empress presided, and were at their books by eight o'clock. A second breakfast followed at 9.30, then more lessons, varied by riding, drilling and fencing until one o'clock dinner. A short time was then allowed for recreation and going out, after which lessons in science and music lasted till six o'clock, and bedtime came early. In spite of their hard work the Princes had a very happy time, both the Emperor and Empress being most fond parents. Naturally, in such a military family, the Crown Prince's military tastes were strongly developed. He had perfect armies of tin soldiers, with artillery, fortresses, &c., and was taught to manœuvre them as in actual warfare.

On his tenth birthday Prince Frederick William formally entered the Army, and, according to the Hohenzollern custom, became a sub-lieutenant in Frederick the Great's famous regiment of Foot Guards. Very small and delicate he looked in the quaint uniform with its high headgear, but he bore himself most gallantly as he marched past the Emperor. The next step in his education was to enter the Gymnasium at Ploen, in Schleswig-Holstein. Prince Eitel Fritz accompanied his brother the Prince, and there they spent four happy years, working hard and enjoying the sea-air, which made the Crown Prince much stronger. They learned to row, to bicycle, and to play tennis in the intervals of work, besides studying carpentering. Sometimes the Emperor and Empress came to see them, and in their holidays they went sometimes to Wilhelmshöhe, sometimes to the sea, and once made a tour nearly round the Lake of Constance. This spring ended the brothers' companionship, for the Crown Prince left Ploen to settle in his own home at Potsdam—Castle Bellevue—where he studied for his final examinations. He has now passed these, and will go for a short time to Bonn University—where his father studied—before regularly taking up his military career.

At eighteen the Crown Prince is a slim, well-grown young man, very like his father. Music is his favourite pursuit, and he is an excellent violinist. There will be great doings at Berlin for his coming of age, representatives coming from all Courts to the festivities. The Duke of York represents the Queen, who sends her great-grandson the Order of the Garter. Our photograph is by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin.



Cape Town signified its wishes on April 3 by a demonstration absolutely unparalleled in its history. Twenty-five thousand citizens of Cape Town and the suburbs assembled in Green Market Square to affirm their solemn adherence to the British Government's refusal to allow the Republics to retain their independence. As the Mayor took the chair, the Union Jack was run up amid a great outburst of cheers. The speeches were very brief. Sir James Gordon Sprigg declared that the meeting had not gathered because any doubt was entertained as to the Imperial Government's resolve to abolish the Republics, but in order

to show the Government that they had the unwavering support of the entire British population in the country. At the close of his address, the formal Declaration was put to the meeting, a bugle call rang out, and twenty-five thousand right hands were held up to show approval of the principle. The whole of the vast gathering then sang three verses of the National Anthem. Our photograph is by the Cape Times, Limited.

BACKING THE GOVERNMENT: THE GREAT "ANNEXATION" MEETING AT CAPE TOWN





It is now beyond all question that the available revenues of the Indian Government are utterly insufficient to cope with the distress in the famine-stricken districts in India. The accounts in Indian papers of whole families resignedly waiting for the only relief to the pangs of starvation within their reach—the relief that comes with death—are heartrending. This photograph, which was taken outside the Sarangpur Gate of Ahmedabad, shows a number of famine-stricken people belonging to the private poor-house which has been opened since the beginning of January, through the generosity of

some native Indian gentlemen. Much is being done in this way to relieve the distress, but there is a great deal to be done still. Our reason for publishing this distressing photograph is that funds are urgently needed, and the public in this country scarcely seem to recognise that many of their Indian fellow-subjects are dying of starvation for lack of a little help. There are five and a half millions of people in receipt of relief in India. Subscriptions should be sent to the Indian Famine Fund opened at the Mansion House, which at present only amounts to 208,000*l*.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE FAMINE STRICKEN: VICTIMS AT AHMEDABAD



The orderly room in camp of the 15th Essex Regiment at Bloemfontein has for ceiling the sky and for carpet the turf. Its furniture consists of a table and a box. On the box is seated Major Brown. On the right, lined up, are the orderlies of the different companies. The men facing Major Brown's table

guarded by men with drawn bayonets are not prisoners of war, but soldiers who have been brought up for some slight breach of military discipline. The Major sits at the table and asks each one if he has any complaints to make as to his treatment

HEARING COMPLAINTS: WITH THE ESSEX REGIMENT'S "ORDERLY ROOM" AT BLOEMFONTEIN

From a Photograph by our Special Photographer, Reinhold Thiele





FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. D. GILES

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

Our Special Artist, in describing a march of the Cavalry Division near Bloemfontein, writes:—"At a farm and water dam which we passed on the way an amusing incident happened. There were some splendid white ducks swimming on the dam, and these the Lancers tried to capture. The efforts to stick them were

unavailing, and finally one Lancer, by taking to the water himself, secured a few of the birds, which were to be seen hanging from the men's saddles as we continued the march."

# A NEW SPORT: DUCK-STICKING IN THE MODDER RIVER



## Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

Drawn Blank

WAR is sometimes said to be a lottery, and for once Lord Roberts has drawn a blank. The victory this time has not been on the side of the big battalions but on that of the Boers with their "Paarde (horse) commandos," or flying columns well mounted, and with eight days' supplies in the saddle-bags of each man. For once, therefore, God has not been on the side of the big battalions,



and the Boers are well aware of it. It is on record, though, to the credit of Scotland that the Highland Brigade, under General Hector Macdonald, again made a magnificent march of twenty-four miles in partial execution of the strategy by which Lord Roberts aimed, not only at relieving Wepener, but also at "Sedanning" the Boer commandos of De Wet, who had been investing it for the greater part of a fortnight. But though this strategy compelled those Boers to raise the siege at midnight of April 24, it did not

LIEUT.-GENERAL R. POLE-CAREW  
Who commands the Eleventh Division and has been teaching the Boers a severe lesson in the Wepener district

succeed in inflicting on them another Paardeberg. Slippery as eels and subtle as foxes, they stole away by the Ladybrand Road—taking all their guns and baggage, as usual, with them; so that, as was telegraphed from Maseru, "The Basutos have, for the second time, been astounded to see a Boer force retiring in peace, taking with them their herds and cattle." Nor has this astonishment been confined to the Basuto warriors, whom Sir Godfrey Lagden continues to control with such consummate skill. The besiegers of Wepener numbered from 4,000 to 5,000, and most of them are now safe again at Brandfort. That they thus escaped was mainly due to the circumstance that Lord Roberts had pushed the converging extremes of Rundle and Pole-Carew too far in the direction of Wepener before the cavalry and mounted infantry of French and Ian Hamilton had time to close the neck of the net between Thabanchu and Ladybrand; for in fact he had fluttered the bird in its nest before the net intended to enmesh it in its flight had been sufficiently spread. Nevertheless, the grand combination was not without its solid results.

### Relief of Wepener

For Wepener itself was relieved; the Bloemfontein waterworks—which were found to be very little damaged—were recovered; and the Boers were compelled once more to evacuate the south-eastern portion of the Free State with all its stores of grain. On the other hand, most of the farmers round about who had given up their arms

and taken the oath not to fight again have been again commandeered, and are now fighting with the Boers, many against their inclination. At least 40,000 British troops were in movement against about one-fifth this number of Boers, and yet they managed to escape. Some of the correspondents called this a "stampede," others a skilful retreat, by the same road as was taken by Olivier after our occupation of Bloemfontein. The Boers who had concentrated about Dewetsdorp equally made good their retreat towards Thabanchu, between which and Brandfort there are said to be strong laagers at intervals of eight miles. But those Boers will probably not forget the stern lesson which was taught them by Pole-Carew, who, among other disciplinary acts of retribution, burned down a farmhouse which had been flying the white flag, and from which fire was opened on his men. A good deal of desultory fighting occurred round Dewetsdorp, of which the accounts were rather confused; but the general result was the retreat of the burghers towards Thabanchu, which General French with his cavalry reached on the morning of the 27th, joining hands with Ian Hamilton's mounted infantry and Smith-Dorrien's Brigade. The enemy were still holding the western end of the town, but this Box

and Cox arrangement did not last very long. This occupation of Thabanchu had been preceded by a stubborn engagement at Eijster Nek, when the Canadians were again to the front, distinguishing themselves as they had done at Paardeberg. Pole-Carew's Division returned to Bloemfontein, while Rundle's went on to Thabanchu, where the eastward advance of our troops towards Ladybrand was found for the time being to be blocked by bodies of Boers occupying strong natural positions. But it is probable that the line Bloemfontein-Thabanchu-Ladybrand will appear untenable to the Boers when they find that General Brabant with his fine Colonial Division, supported by Hart's Irish Brigade, has pushed up from Wepener towards Ladybrand, which must be occupied and held at all risks and cost. The investment of Wepener has lasted seventeen days, and involved to us a total loss of thirty killed and 149 wounded, which is comparatively small considering that, on some days, as many as 400 shells were thrown into the place. Its defenders all told, numbered but 1,500 men of Brabant's Horse, the Cape Mounted Rifles, the Kaffrarian Rifles, Driscoll's Scouts, and the Royal Scots, with seven guns and four Maxims. The enemy numbered, at times, as many as 8,000, but their strength varied from day to day. "The position," wired the *Standard* correspondent, "held by the little force was extremely well chosen for purposes of defence, and to Major Maxwell, of the Royal Engineers, belongs the credit of converting the whole position into a practically impregnable fortress. The ground occupied by our men was, as nearly as possible, a complete circle, ten miles in circumference. It was protected by trenches, admirably planned and constructed, which, when complete, enabled the troops to make light of the enemy's shells. Indeed, the most striking feature of the siege was its demonstration of the ineffectiveness of artillery fire against a properly entrenched force."

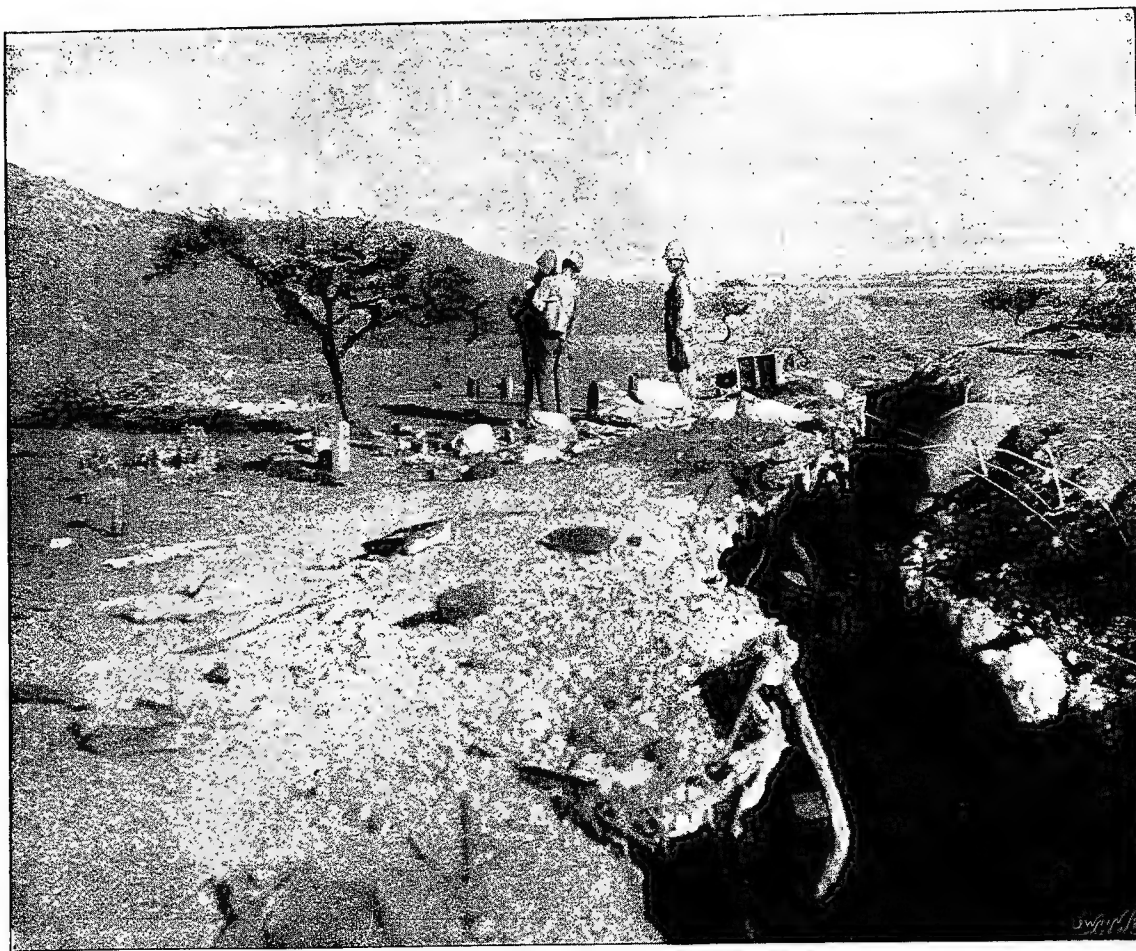
It is to be presumed that Brabant's Division has followed on the traces of the retreating Boers to Ladybrand, for until the line between this point and Bloemfontein is in possession of Lord Roberts, barring all possibility of another attempt to cut in upon his line of communication with the south, he will not be in a position to commence his grand advance to the north on Brandfort and Kroonstad. How daring the Boers continue to show themselves, in spite of the overwhelming superiority of the forces now in the field against them, may be judged from the fact that even after our occupation of Thabanchu they attacked one of our convoys which had got into rough ground between that place and De Wet's Dorp—a convoy escorted by a company of Imperial Yeomanry and a company of the Scots Guards—and would probably have captured it but for the timely arrival of more Imperial Yeomanry under General Brabazon, who was returning from the occupation of Wepener. Better troops than these Volunteers promise to prove after a little more experience of war are not to be found in South Africa.

"I inspected," wired Lord Roberts at the beginning of the week, "the City Imperial Volunteer Battalion yesterday on their arrival at Bloemfontein. They are in fine form, and look very workmanlike. I also inspected the 48th Company Imperial Yeomanry, the first to reach Bloemfontein. The men turn out smart, and the horses are in admirable condition." On the other hand, a war correspondent wired from Ladysmith: "I paid a visit yesterday to the London Scottish, who are attached to the Gordon Highlanders. All are in excellent health and spirits, and their splendid physique, smart appearance, and gentlemanly address have been much remarked upon."

It is testimony of this kind to the military value of the various kinds of Volunteers serving under Lord Roberts that will inspire us all with confidence in the success of his operations when once he begins to make his grand general advance on Kroonstad; and it would appear that what may be called all the material preparations for this advance have now been completed. Mountains of stores have been accumulated at Bloemfontein from the still bigger mountains at the sea-base; the railway bridges have been repaired;



THE OPEN COUNTRY AT MAGERSFONTEIN WHERE THE HIGHLANDERS SUFFERED SEVERELY



THE GREAT TRENCH IN WHICH THE BOERS WERE COMPLETELY HIDDEN

These photographs, though they refer to a battle which took place as long ago as December 11, are interesting because they show the position exactly as it was found on the evacuation by the Boers, having been taken by Lieutenant A. C. Girdwood a few hours after their departure. The great trench shown in one photograph is situated at the foot of the mountains shown in the other picture.

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER AT MAGERSFONTEIN

winter clothing in superabundance has been provided for the troops ; while between January and April about 42,000 fresh horses and 23,000 mules had been despatched to and purchased for the seat of war.

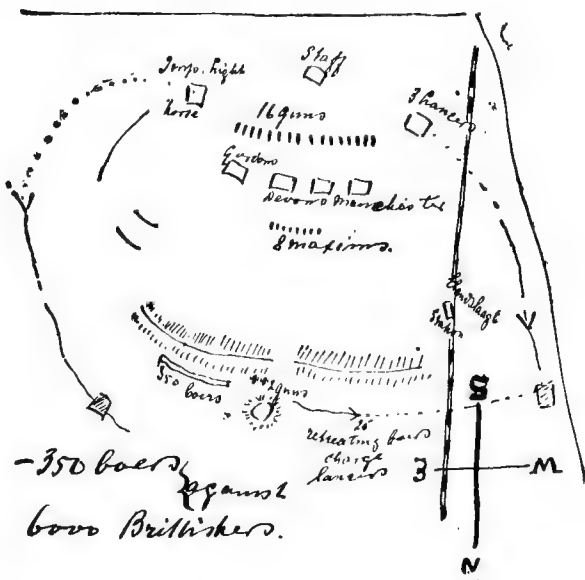
Lord Roberts may, therefore, now be said to be in a position to advance ; and he has at his disposal the 3rd, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 11th Divisions, together with Hart's Brigade of the 10th Division—in addition to four cavalry Brigades and the mounted infantry Division, with at least 180 guns. Assuming that two of those Divisions will be required to hold the conquered country and secure the line Bloemfontein-Ladybrand, he would thus have at his disposal for the purpose of his northward advance four and a half Divisions, with most of the cavalry and mounted infantry—an overwhelming force as compared with that of Botha's Boers in front of it at Brandfort, who cannot number more than about 20,000 men. On the other hand the Boers have the advantage of being commanded by a generalissimo of such resourcefulness and dash as Louis Botha, who has already shown that in some respects he is superior to his predecessor, the late General Joubert, and who opposed himself in person at Houtnek with a large body of his burghers to Ian Hamilton, when the latter, on the 30th inst., advanced northwards from Thabanchu towards Winburg with the view of intercepting the Boers retreating from the south-eastern portion of the Free State.

But if we have had cause to feel disappointed at the partial failure of Lord Robert's great enveloping movement in that region, there has been equal ground for that deferring of action which maketh the heart sick in connection with the non-relief of Mafeking, whose magnificent defence will always be remembered as the most heroic incident of the war. Not much help, it is to be feared, can be expected from Sir Frederick Carrington, who is still engaged in the organisation of his colonial forces at Salisbury, which is about 200 miles by road from the railhead at Bulawayo ; but on the other hand there seems to be some ground for the belief that General Sir Archibald Hunter, who went to Bloemfontein to confer with Lord Roberts, and then repaired to Kimberley, is now engaged there in the organisation of a flying column for the relief of Mafeking ; and the statement is rendered more credible by the fact that the Imperial Light Horse, which had been serving in Natal, have been pushed up from Cape Town to the City of Diamonds. All depends on the store of provisions which still remains at the disposal of Baden-

Powell, but if the garrison itself is not dissembling with intent to deceive its besiegers, it must still have a good deal of that courage which springs from the prospect of a stomach not altogether empty. On April 20, for example, Major Baillie cheerily wired to the *Morning Post* :—

"We must hang on for a month or more. We can stick to it for

times rife, otherwise the health of the town is good." On the whole, therefore, the situation at Mafeking need not yet be looked upon as desperate—the less so as it may be assumed that Lord Roberts has a plan of his own for its relief, which will fit in with the general scheme of his other operations, or he may be calculating that his advance on Kroonstad will have the automatic effect of disembarassing "B.-P." of his besiegers, as they would appear to have already withdrawn their "Big Ben" gun from their lines and sent it where it can be more usefully employed. It is hard to see how the Boers of Snyman can continue to remain in front of Mafeking after Lord Roberts has ordered a simultaneous advance from Kimberley, Bloemfontein, and Ladysmith.

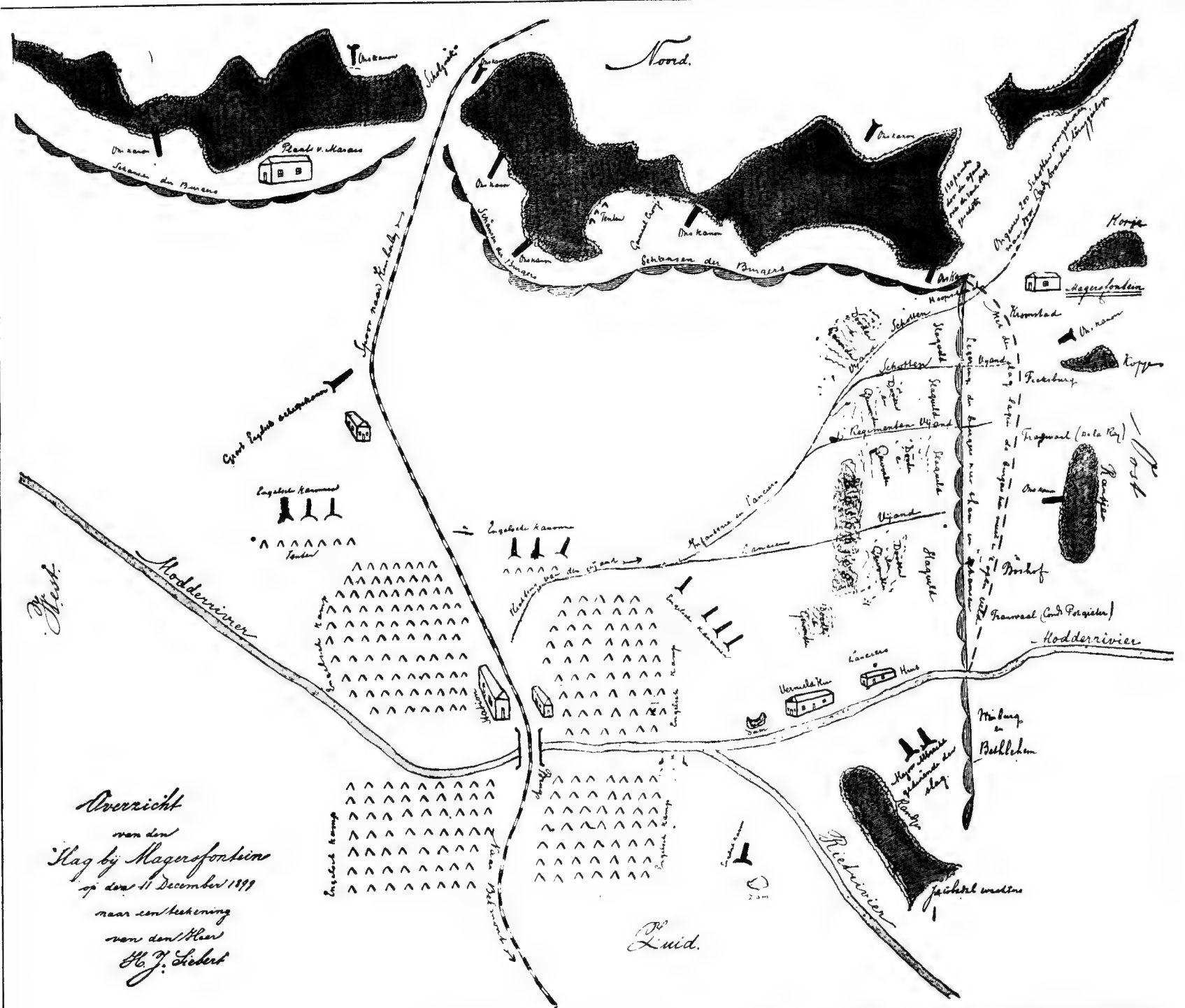


FACSIMILE OF A BOER PLAN OF THE FIGHT

two months or more. Nobody minds." While on the same date the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette* also wired :—"The town responds with the utmost cheerfulness to Lord Roberts's request for it to hold out another month. The knowledge that the Empire appreciates their gallant work materially helps the troops to keep up their spirits. Slight cases of fever are some-

FROM THE BOER POINT OF VIEW

WE have received the following interesting letter and diagram from a Boer, who, writing from Colesberg, says :—"I herewith beg to inform you that I got your illustrated paper of November 21. I found it on the Coleskop, the mountain evacuated by the Imperial troops, and see that there are several mistakes made for instance. As the Gordons stormed the Elands Laagte Kop they came by twos and threes, most of them being shot. The last charge of the Lancers is not correct either. There were no waggons on the field, and the fact is this, that the Lancers were charged by the Boers. I write you this because I do not like to see the many wrong versions given of the battle. I was there, and killed many a Britisher. I got a few slight wounds, and was prisoner for some hours, but managed to escape, so thus ought to know how the battle was fought and lost by us. We had 28 killed and 180 prisoners taken, amongst whom 40 wounded. I do not think it right to publish our loss as 2,000 to 3,000. We had only 350 men fighting, with two guns, against your 6,000 with twenty-four guns, so cannot have lost more than stated by me here above. I do not think you will alter your statements given in your issue of November 25, but hope you will take better correspondents who give you truer accounts of the fighting."

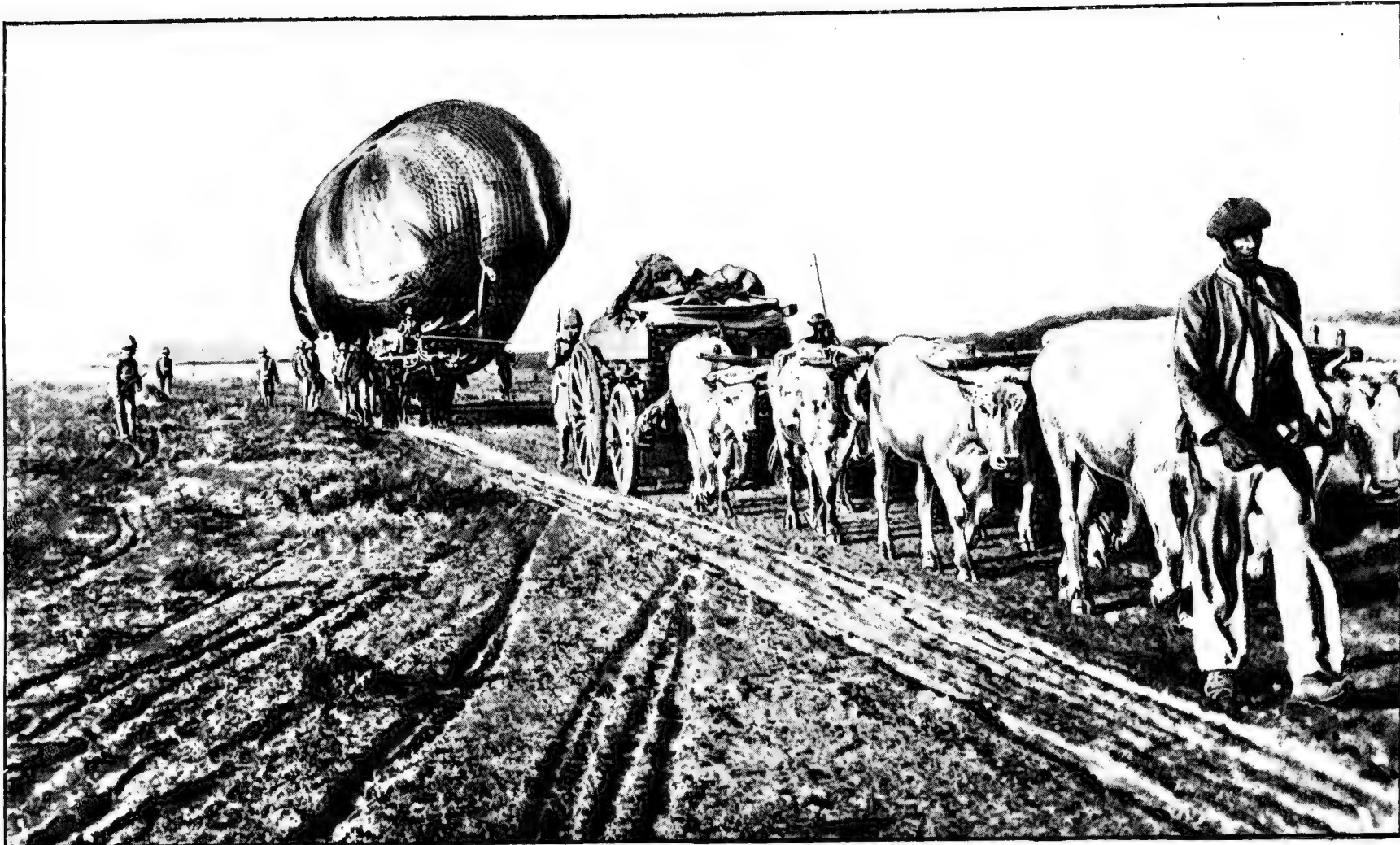


This plan is from our point of view very incorrect, indeed in many particulars it is quite wrong. But it is interesting as giving a good deal of information about the Boer position, which is probably accurate. The ground traversed by the Highland Brigade, and the great Boer trench, of which we give an

illustration on the opposite page, can be seen in the plan, which, with the help of the photographs, gives a good idea of the scene of the disaster

BOER PLAN OF MAGERSFONTEIN FOUNT AT BLOEMFONTEIN BY AN OFFICER





The Balloon Detachment sent to South Africa took out twenty-three balloons, with apparatus for making hydrogen either by the zinc and sulphuric acid process, or by the electrolysis method. But as balloons filled on the field in the ordinary way would take a long time to fill and send up, the detachment carries with it steel tubes containing compressed hydrogen, and four waggons are required to carry these

tubes. The waggons are drawn by long teams of oxen, as will be seen in our illustration, in which the balloon itself looks like a huge pudding or an unshapely apple. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lieutenant H. S. Toppin.

THE ADVANCE IN THE FREE STATE: THE BALLOON SECTION ON THE MARCH



DRAWN BY W. W. RUSSELL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIEUTENANT A. C. GIRDWOOD

Our illustration shows men of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry preserving the graves of comrades on the Mcedder River. Those who fall in battle are buried on the field, and afterwards their

comrades put up a cross to their memory and cover the graves with small boulders to preserve them from desecration by beasts of prey

IN MEMORY OF FALLEN COMRADES: A SELF-IMPOSED DUTY



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

belongs to a resident is pursued by the police, and then, if his master does not arrive in time to save him, his fate is sealed. The dogs caught are taken away in a van and destroyed

The dogs naturally object to being caught by strangers, so the police go to work with a lasso at the end of a rod, and after sundry manoeuvres, laughable to witness, generally end in securing the unfortunate animals. Sometimes, as in the case of our illustration, a dog which

belongs to a resident is pursued by the police, and then, if his master does not arrive in time to save him, his fate is sealed. The dogs caught are taken away in a van and destroyed

# A TIMELY RESCUE BY HIS MASTER: A SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG

DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

A Correspondent in Johannesburg says that the streets have been overrun with homeless dogs since the great exodus of refugees, who could not, of course, take their pets with them. The native police are employed to catch the dogs, and many strange encounters take place.



## War Notes from the Magazines

### ANNEXATION AND AFTER

"DIPLOMATICUS," in the *Fortnightly*, in a long and closely reasoned article, discusses the various courses open to us in making a settlement in South Africa after the war. It is scarcely worth while following him into the reasons which he gives to show that any course other than annexation would be fatal, but there are many interesting points which he brings forward in support of the inevitable extinction of the Boer Republics. Three important ends, he says, must be striven for if South Africa is to be peaceful, prosperous, and united.

In the first place, we must endeavour that no legacy of race bitterness shall be bequeathed by the war; in the second place, we must cultivate the natural possibilities of the country as the one great home of white life in Africa; in the third place, we must assist it to secure political union, so that in time it may take its place by the side of the Canadian Dominion and the Australian Commonwealth as a solid, powerful and self-conscious offshoot of our Teutonic civilisation.

On one point "Diplomaticus" emphatically insists, namely, that "while due account shall be taken of the interests and representations of all classes of the population, we shall not allow Mr. Rhodes and his friends to exert any influence on the settlement. To Mr. Rhodes's past services to South Africa I am not insensible, but . . . in the eyes of the whole of South Africa to-day he is the embodiment of the evils that have befallen that country. The impression may be exaggerated but it exists, and it is too serious to be ignored. And even if it is in a measure unjust the fact cannot be denied that by the Raid Mr. Rhodes forfeited all claim to statesmanship." The writer does not believe in the permanence of race hatred, and he strongly advocates the idea which has been mooted elsewhere that the Reservists now in South Africa should be offered farms and farming implements on terms which would tempt them to stay in the country rather than return to the fierce struggle for civil employment in the old country. South Africa is, above everything, an agricultural country. Anything which would tend to promote agricultural colonisation should deserve the best energies of the State.

To the same review, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe contributes an article pleading for a permanent Shakespearean playhouse in London. The success of Mr. Benson's season has led Mr. Fyfe to hope that a classical repertory theatre might be started if only a subsidy were forthcoming from the State or some art-loving millionaire. It is not a new idea; it is one, though, which many would like to see tried as a counterblast to the craze for long runs and that specialisation in acting which is so fatal to the developments of the actor's art. It is not quite clear, though, whether Mr. Fyfe's ideal theatre is to be exclusively Shakespearean, or whether its repertory should take in a wider field. If the former, the prospect of its coming is doubtful. The great gain would be to have a repertory theatre devoted to the production of plays of any era, provided they seemed good to the management and were not exploited for all they were worth to the detriments of the actors and for the benefit of star managers and star authors.

### BAD SHOOTING

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Baillie-Grohman returns to the charge on the subject of the bad shooting of our soldiers. An analysis, he says, of the "withering rifle fire of the British advance" shows that in very few instances was a Boer hit more than once, while many of our men had several Mauser bullets through them, in some instances as many as twelve or thirteen. English, as well as foreign, doctors in Boer hospitals report that almost all the wounded Boers have come to their injuries by artillery fire. Dr. Von Gernet states "that the British rifle fire is almost quite without effect." Mr. Baillie-Grohman attributes this partly to the Service rifle, partly to want of training. The rifles are inefficiently tested, apart from the fact that the Lee-Enfield "is the worst of any Service rifle in Europe to-day," while marksmanship is practically neglected in this country. This relapse into bad shooting would seem to be constitutional, for the writer quotes from a statute of Henry VIII.'s time which explained that "Shootynge is right littell used but dayly minisheth, decayeth, and abateth more and more," and the Act to avoid the serious danger of inefficient marksmanship provided that, with the exception of Judges, Justices of Assize, men in holy orders, and Barons of the



MR. T. D. PILE  
Lord Mayor of Dublin, created a Baronet



MR. D. J. HEGARTY  
Mayor of Cork, created Lord Mayor and Knight



MR. R. J. MCCONNELL  
Lord Mayor of Belfast, created a Baronet

Among the honours conferred by Her Majesty on the conclusion of her visit to Dublin were baronetcies to Mr. T. D. Pile and Mr. R. J. McConnell, the Lord Mayors respectively of Dublin and Belfast. The Mayor of Cork is in future to be a Lord Mayor, and the present holder of the office, Mr. D. J. Hegarty, has been knighted; so, too, has the Mayor of Londonderry. Other honours consisted of appointments to the Royal Victorian Order. Our portraits are by F. P. D'Arcy and Chancellor and Son, Dublin, and Hembry, Belfast.

### THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND: RECIPIENTS OF HONOURS



THE LATE COLONEL SIR F. A. MARINDIN  
Senior Inspector of Railways, Board of Trade



THE LATE MOST REV. ANGUS MACDONALD  
Roman Catholic Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh



THE LATE M. MUNKACZY  
The Eminent Hungarian Artist

Chequer, "every man being the King's subject, not lame, decrepid, nor maimed, nor having any other lawful or reasonable cause or impediment, beyng within the age of sixty years," must "use and exercise shotinge in long bowes." He must have "a bowe and arrowes ready continually in his house, to use himself and do use himselfe in shotinge." Mr. Grohman would like to see some such Act enforced now, he would abolish the gun license, and he wants such practice in rifle shooting as is carried out to be made standing and not in all manner of fancy attitudes.

ban Volunteer Guard—Sir John Robinson, then a lad of fifteen, began his public service.

### Our Portraits

SIR FRANCIS ARTHUR MARINDIN, one of the Inspectors of Railways for the Board of Trade, was a Colonel of Royal Engineers till his retirement in 1879. He was educated at Eton and the Royal Military College, Woolwich. He was created C.M.G. for his good work on the Egyptian State railways in 1887, and was made K.C.M.G. in 1897. Our portrait is by Dickinson, Old Bond Street.

The Most Rev. Dr. Angus Macdonald, Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, was the official head of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Scotland. His death, at the early age of fifty-six years, will be a great loss to his Church. He came of an old Scottish Roman Catholic family, on whose estate of Glenfinnan the standard of the young Pretender was first raised in the rebellion of 1745. When in 1878 the Roman Catholic Hierarchy was restored to Scotland, he, although barely thirty-four years of age, and only six years a priest, but being a fluent Gaelic speaker, was appointed Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. Fourteen years later, on the death of Archbishop Smith, he was translated to the Episcopal see. Our portrait is by J. Horsburgh, Edinburgh.

Michael Munkacz, the famous Hungarian painter, was born at Munkacz, in Hungary, on October 10, 1844. He was left an orphan in 1849, when his parents were killed before his eyes by the Russian soldiery then engaged in re-establishing Austrian absolutism in Hungary. As a child he was apprenticed to a joiner, but very early he displayed so remarkable a talent that the means were found of completing his art education in Vienna, Munich, and Dusseldorf. His first great success was won at the Paris Salon of 1870 with "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner." In rapid succession he exhibited "The Night Prowlers," "Episode of the Hungarian War of 1848," "The Village Heroes," "A Workshop Interior," "Blind Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters," and "The Hungarian Recruits." After 1878 M. Munkacz abandoned the salons and public galleries for twelve years. During this period he painted for private exhibition, producing his famous "Christ before Pilate" (1881), which was shown in London and Paris, and was eventually bought for the United States for 20,000*l.*, and his "Christ on Calvary" (1884). M. Munkacz was a Commander of the Legion of Honour.



The new Japanese battleship *Asahi* got ashore off Southsea beach on Monday afternoon. She had come to Portsmouth to have her after barbettes guns lifted into position, and about one o'clock went out of harbour to return to Southampton to complete for sea. Somehow she was carried by the tide out of her course and went ashore on one of the banks off Southsea. The vessel was towed off on the tide early on Tuesday morning by Government tugs, and was anchored at Spithead. Our photograph is by Symonds and Co., Southsea.

### A JAPANESE WARSHIP ASHORE

## The Royal Academy

### FIRST NOTICE

THE collection at Burlington House, which is the hundred and thirty-second since the establishment of the Royal Academy, is one of considerable interest. We are inclined to think that the Royal Academicians are in harmony with the spirit of the times, reducing the number of exhibits, for we seldom remember a time when there were fewer pictures hopelessly skied. There is no specially sensational picture this year, like Lady Butler's "Roll Call" of years ago, and Mr. Luke Fildes's "Doctor" of more recent times. If, however, there is no work requiring a rail to keep off the pressure of the crowd and a policeman to make them move on, there are plenty of excellent pictures which will richly repay the close attention of the visitors. Portraiture again this year claims some of our most notable painters of subject pictures—hence we cannot help noting the great preponderance of portraits and landscape, "I always," said a well-known humorist, "make a point of paying an early visit to the Royal Academy and getting up my 'dinner pictures' as soon as possible." By this he meant the pictures that would be likely to constitute topics of conversation at the dinner table.

Doubtless one that would occupy an important position in this category is Mr. W. Q. Orchardson's "Windsor Castle, 1899," containing admirable portraits of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and his son. The excellent equestrian portrait of "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," by Mr. Caton Woodville, and also his portrait as Commander of the Royal Yacht Squadron, by Mr. Oules, and "General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G.," by Professor Herkomer, will doubtless also be regarded with great interest. Probably one of the most notable pictures in the gallery is Mr. E. A. Abbey's "Trial of Queen Katharine." For superb colour and accurate antiquarian knowledge and powerful effect it is by far the best thing this artist has yet accomplished. The veteran Mr. J. C. Hook, in "The Goatherd" and "A New Coat for an Old Friend," shows his hand is as skilful as ever. Mr. Luke Fildes has, we regret to say, no subject-picture this year, but he is well represented by such fine portraits as "Mrs. Kleinwort," and "Miss Wolf Harris." Mr. George D. Leslie has a delightful poem, entitled "In Time of War." It is full of beauty and sorrow.

Mr. John S. Sargent has a fine picture in "Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adean, and Mrs. Tennant," remarkable for its sense of space, its

fine colour, and its vigorous execution, which will probably prove to be one of the principal attractions of the large room. Sir J. Poynter sends a portrait of "Mrs. Murray Guthrie" and "Water Babies," being one of those graceful nude subjects that the President limns so delightfully. Mr. Henry Woods, whose Venetian subjects are always acceptable, this year makes a marked advance on previous efforts in his "Venetian Autolycus." Mr. Ralph Peacock, whose portraits of children are distinguished by their truth and spirit, has good examples of his work in "The Sisters" and "Georgette, Daughter of George Mosenthal, Esq." Mr. W. Dendy Sadler, one of the few humorous painters we have nowadays, is seen at his best in "The Squire's Song." A tender idyl of child-life, most charmingly portrayed, is "A Flying Visit," by Mrs. Kate Perugini. Mr. A. C. Gow makes a fine picture out of an uncompromising subject in "The Great Nile Dam, Assouan," and skilfully reproduces the hot, clear atmosphere. Mr. F. D. Millet's "Wandering Thoughts," with the charming church interior and glimpse of sunlit pastures through the door, is likely to be a good favourite. The four contributions of Mr. H. H. La Thangue are all of importance, but possibly the favourites may be "The Plough-boy" and "The Water-plash." Mr. C. E. Perugini is to be warmly congratulated on his effective love episode, "A Willing Slave." "The Good Samaritan" is a story of every-day life most touchingly told by Mr. William Small.

The landscapes in the present collection are numerous, and some of them are of high order. Among these may be named the work of Mr. Alfred Parsons. Especially to be commended is "The Green Punt," with its shimmering water, and "Rain in Spring." Then we have "Brig of Balgowrie," and others, by Mr. David Murray; "Ocean's Surge," by Mr. Peter Graham; "The Towing Path," by Mr. L. L. Pocock; "The Fall of the Leaf," by Mr. E. W. Waite; "And All the Air a Solemn Silence Holds," by Mr. J. Farquharson; "At the Close of Day," by Mr. B. W. Leader; "Spring's Delights," by Mr. R. Vicat Cole, which shows how closely he is treading in his father's footsteps; and "The Avon by Bredon Hill," by Mr. Yeend King. Miss L. E. Kemp-Welch sends a wondrously powerful and brilliant picture, "Horses Bathing in the Sea." It is probably the best thing she has yet accomplished. Mr. John R. Reid is seen to especial advantage in "The Sale of Old Dobbin"—the story is told with considerable pathos.

### The Late Sir John Bridge

SIR JOHN BRIDGE was the son of Mr. John Bridge, of Langbrey, Dorsetshire, and was born at Finchley in 1824. At Oxford he took a first in mathematics, and an honorary first in classics. In 1850 he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. He practised in the Home Circuit, and became a bencher of his Inn in 1888. In 1872 he took his seat at Hammersmith for the first time as a

metropolitan police magistrate. From there he was transferred to Southwark, and on the death of Mr. Flowers came to Bow Street. In 1890 he was appointed Chief Magistrate, having as his colleague Sir John (then Mr.) Vaughan and Mr. (now Sir Franklin) Lushington. The former of these retired little more than a fortnight before Sir John Bridge; the latter succeeded him as Chief Magistrate. In addition to being a metropolitan magistrate, Sir John Bridge was a Justice of the Peace, and it was also his duty, as Chief Magistrate, to sit at Ascot during the race week. No one ever came in contact with Sir John Bridge without re-



THE LATE SIR JOHN BRIDGE  
Senior Metropolitan Magistrate  
(A Sketch in Court by Reginald Cleaver)

marking on his great kindness and generosity, and he will long be remembered for the humane way in which he performed his duties, and for the help which he afforded to so many of those who came before him. In his time Sir John had had before him some of the most interesting criminal cases, including the Balfour affair, the Jameson Raiders, the great pearl case, and many extradition charges, such as those of Herz and Arton.



The Chapel of the Tomb of the Virgin, which dates back to the 12th century, has frequently changed hands, but it now belongs to the Greeks, the Latins having a slight share in the proprietorship. The only part of the church above ground is a porch. After descending a flight of 47 marble steps the visitor comes to a walled-up door to the right, which formerly led to a cavern, supposed to have been the

scene of Our Lord's agony. In the centre of the east wing is the so-called sarcophagus of the Virgin. The procession of priests and monks shown in our illustration has been to visit these holy places, all the spots connected, or reputed to be connected, with the Passion being visited during Holy Week. Our photograph is by T. R. Dunas et Fils

### HOLY WEEK IN JERUSALEM: THE PROCESSION OF THE GREEK CHURCH AT THE TOMB OF THE VIRGIN





DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER, REINHOLD THIELE

Looting, as a general rule, is prohibited, but troops must be fed, and foraging parties are sent out to secure provisions, and it is no breach of discipline to seize cattle or sheep belonging to the enemy. If the country in which the troops happen to be marching is friendly, the provisions are, of course, bought and paid for at reasonable rates

COMMANDEERED: BRINGING IN SUPPLIES FOR LORD ROBERTS'S FORCE



The men shown in this illustration were returning to Newton Camp, to the north of Kimberley. The relief of Kimberley did not completely clear the country of Boers, and strong pickets were posted round the town. It was from Newton Camp that a force set out for Vryburg and Mafeking. Our photograph is by Lieutenant A. C. Girdwood

AFTER THE DAY'S WORK: THE RETURN OF A PICKET FROM OUTPOST DUTY

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# CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON  
Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK



"'Tis you, Mr. Warburton," she said eagerly; "I thought you had gone. I wrote you two letters!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE JEZEBEL.

A LETTER came to Warburton the next day in a hand he did not recognise; and he was oddly surprised when he discovered that the writer was Miss Holt. She wrote from her guardian's asking if "those wicked wretches had had justice done on them?" but her chief point, it appeared, was to give the news that Sir George would shortly visit his house by Marlock, the lady accompanying him. "I shall revisit that scene, which is so terrible," she declared, "upon which I have wept such tears, and which has broken my courage. I pray I may have grace to bear so sharp a trial."

Warburton took the intelligence with impatience. "Why the deuce does she write me this?" he asked himself. "She should know better than to clog my actions. If she be here, interfering, she will betray us both. Sir George shall keep his home, or at least the girl shall." Forthwith he sat down and penned a letter to Sir George, in which he urged him not to carry Miss Holt forward with him to the sea, "for," said he, "'tis compassionate to suffer time to eclipse those memories. She has passed through such an ordeal in these parts that she will shrink to face them again; and 'tis wiser in yourself, sir, not to sear the wounds that are already new and terrible."

He comforted himself that this appeal would prevent the disaster, and, addressing the letter to Sir George Everett, handed it to Tremayne for instant despatch.

He had now to decide what course he must take in regard to his discovery on the island. He guessed very well that if he opened his mouth he would run a very grave risk; and, indeed, he was not at all sure if these lawless people would wait for him to speak. He could bring disgrace upon the Carmichaels, but he was in no haste to do so. He reflected for one thing that only

Nicholas Carmichael would be involved by his evidence. And, moreover, he doubted not that by this time the cave was empty, and showed no traces of the use to which it was put. All he could do, then, was to warn the Revenue sloop, and wait until the smugglers should be caught by a raid of the Coastguards. The revenge appeared to him to be inadequate, to lack dramatic justice. Besides, there were other members of the family comprised in his vendetta. What penalty should be exacted of Sir Stephen Carmichael himself, what of Philip the reckless, and what of Chloris Carmichael, that cruel and spirited Gorgon with her handsome face? The scar burned still upon his cheek to remind him of the Jezebel. He would have no ruth for her, nor for any of that abominable blood. Yet he was not ripe for his vengeance; these people must wait for the proper dues of their outrageous lives; and when the time came he, who had taken up the cause in honest indignation at his friend's murder, would also exact payment for his own scurvy treatment.

He passed the next few days peaceably enough. There was no attempt to molest him. The inn-keeper was civil beyond ordinary, and more than usually timid. Warburton deemed him to be acquainted with the transactions between the Carmichaels and himself. He was clearly in the confidence of the smugglers, which was the explanation of his good liquor; and possibly he was used by them as a spy to give warning of his guest's movements. Warburton knew that the smugglers must be aware that he had not given notice to the authorities, for otherwise they would have struck some blow. But what puzzled him was the reason of their silence. He wondered that such desperate adventurers, as Nicholas Carmichael and his friends must be, should give him so much liberty and the chance to betray them. For if they reckoned upon Tremayne's vigilance they were trusting to a sorry creature. Warburton laughed at the thought that he could be affected by Tremayne. He stayed quietly, therefore, at the inn, awaiting the arrival of the Revenue sloop, which was due presently on that coast,

and casting patiently in his mind the various courses which he might take.

The arrival of a second letter from Miss Holt, nearly a week



"'Sir George saw your honoured uncle, my lord Crayle, in Town but a week ago. La! he was greatly flustered, having his wig blown from him!"

later, amazed him. She communicated the information that Sir George Everett, with herself, would arrive that same day, "about two of the afternoon, in that lamentable village of Marlock. Alas, sir, 'tis well-named, for I will confess that to me the sound is ominous. I shudder at it. It is like a passing-bell in my ears. I shall never forget that bight of sand and sea and that act of blood."

Warburton frowned and swore. Sir George Everett, then, had not deigned to take his advice. "Damme," said he, "he has no manners, and, as for this pretty creature, Dolly, she vomits too many sighs for my taste. I shall be mightily embarrassed by her."

Sir George's house lay at the back of a small ravine towards the moorland, and to reach it from inland it was not necessary to pass through Marlock. Warburton had identified the place by inquiry, but there was nothing farther from his purpose than to take Miss Holt's hint and present himself at the house that afternoon. Indeed, to avoid her he had some thought of leaving Marlock for a time. He issued out of the Three Feathers towards evening, and bent his steps up the combe. It was growing dusk, and a pleasant little wind blew off the moors. He walked long and briskly, and came out upon the upland as it fell dark. Here he was aware suddenly of whispering voices in the copse, and next a shot rang out and whistled past him. He paid no heed save to quicken his steps, and there followed a second shot which ploughed across his sleeve. He stopped and listened. Thus he stood in the full glow of what light remained, and must have been visible from the



"Warburton stood and bowed as the visitor entered. Sir Stephen's gaze rested lightly on him for an instant as he returned the bow, yet Warburton fancied that there was inquiry in the look. He leaned upon his thick staff, and was magnificently civil to Sir George."



copse even plainer than before ; but no further discharge occurred. After pausing some minutes he began to move forward again, and again his ears were saluted by the report of a musket. Warburton stopped, considering with himself. He guessed at what this signified ; he was invited to return ; by these uncivil greetings he was warned back. He began to appreciate the justice of Philip Carmichael's threat. He was not to be allowed to leave Marlock until the free traders had done with him. He gazed at the piece of wood from which these signals had come, and then, leisurely turning, retraced his way down to the inn. He was not prepared for an encounter with hidden assassins, but he was quite ready to add to his growing grudge against the Carmichaels. He was also a little exercised by the forbearance of his enemies. Why was he not shot ? Yet it might very well be that they were unwilling to provoke the active hostility of the Crown and face the outcry which would follow the murder of a gentleman of such position and such powerful connections. He felt, indeed, that Nicholas Carmichael would stay at nothing, yet Sir Stephen and the younger brother might have some influence over that dare-devil, and some prudent counsels might have prevailed.

Warburton had had news of his imprisonment ; he was now to learn something further. Even in the daytime he recognised that he was watched. It was never possible to affirm absolutely that any particular fisherman or idler had his eyes upon him, but Warburton was certain that the whole village was in a conspiracy to keep him in view. He might not stray ; he knew too much. He was treated much as a cat uses a mouse ere she finally kills it. But Warburton was not troubled. He walked a good deal among the dunes where no man came, and here he saw no marks of any spies. Probably they deemed that wilderness a sufficient prison in itself, for the sea and the marshy valley above the quicksand were the only outlets from it. One day he returned from his travels among these desolate hills, and on re-entering Marlock took a circuit up the ravine. He had forgotten that this route led him close by Sir George Everett's house ; he had turned inland merely to be rid of the crying sea that tormented his ears all day. But he was aware presently of his vicinity by the figure of a girl approaching down the lane. She stopped a few feet away. He bowed profoundly.

" 'Tis you, Mr. Warburton," she said eagerly ; " I thought you had gone. I wrote you two letters ! "

" Aye," said he slowly. " I received them, Miss Holt. "

" But you answered nothing," she exclaimed with some petulance.

" That is true. There was nothing to answer to you, madam. Yet I made bold to write to Sir George. I would not have had you here. "

She opened her eyes. " La ! " she said, " was it to persuade Sir George against my coming that you wrote ? " He bowed. " He got no such letter," she went on. " There was nothing came to him from you or I should have heard. But had I known, Mr. Warburton, that you desired me away, indeed, I would not have come. "

Warburton was perplexed. " He got no letter," he repeated, and suddenly the reason was clear to him, so clear that he wondered at his own simplicity in expecting any letter of his to arrive at its destination. The cords were about him more tightly than he thought.

" I have vexed you, sir," she said, seeing that he did not reply to her last words.

" That you have not," he returned promptly. " Gad, madam, no such prettiness as yours could vex me. But I will confess that you have disturbed my plans. I shall have to reform them. Miss Holt, you must fall into line with me, I beg you. "

" You can depend upon me, sir," she cried eagerly. " I will work with you. You shall have my poor assistance. Heavens ! that I should be treading on this melancholy soil ! I will not rest till we have brought these miscreants to book in the name of that dear martyr. "

" He was very dear to you, madam ? " inquired Warburton, regarding her stedfastly.

She lowered her eyes, her face brightening with colour. " Aye, that you should know," she said in a hysterical murmur. " 'Tis a sacred memory I hold. I am sworn to cherish it. Judge you, Mr. Warburton, how deep a debt these Carmichaels must discharge to me. "

" I have no doubt that they will discharge it to the full," he answered. " Yet how do you suppose this will be ? "

She lifted her gaze to him again, and it was now almost demure in its expression. Softness commingled there with a certain wistful pleading, as of a child that begs silently for assistance. Her prettiness touched him, though he was aware of some strange capacity that animated her looks. She was nervously wrought, yet contained herself.

" The law," she said simply, " has failed to reach them. It may only be through private means that they may be punished. Perhaps vengeance shall be executed righteously in the very mode by which the crime was wrought. "

Warburton understood well enough what she intended ; she looked to him. The sentence was not so simple as her voice would have it. He smiled quietly to himself, but answered gravely :

" It is right that we should wait the course of events. Justice delays, but her hand is strong in the end. "

" I pray God it may be strong," she cried sharply, a sob choking in her throat.

" I shall beg to pay my respects to Sir George," said Warburton stolidly, after a pause.

" He will be honoured, sir," says she quickly in another voice, and surveying him amiably with all signs of her recent emotion gone.

He took off his hat and left her. Her eyes sparkled after him restlessly ; she was fevered to her marrow, afire with contending emotions in that frail body. Warburton turned the corner of the lane out of her sight, and came face to face with Miss Carmichael. She looked him strongly in the eyes with some fierce earnestness.

" Mr. Warburton, I would ask you one thing," she broke out, " are you a spy ? "

Warburton drew up beside her coolly. " Madam," he answered with deliberation, " by what right do you put such interrogations upon me ? You know me as a stranger, as one who has had the good fortune to aid you in a little, and who owes you deep thanks. Yet you claim the right of inquisition ? "

" Ah, sir," she cried quickly. " I forget nothing, but I remember also how we last met. What did you in that secret place ? "

" I admit no claim on your part to question me," he replied coldly, " but I answer you as a woman. The wind blew me to sea, and I returned in what I fondly imagined to be the friendly wake of a schooner. "

Her eyes danced. " I knew 'twas so, or somehow so," she said swiftly. " I beg your pardon, sir, for what share I had in that adventure. "

" Nay, madam," he said shortly, " but if I recall the particulars aright, it was you that protected me. "

" 'Twas I that would have been your death," she cried impulsively. " I that owe you my life. "

" You owe me nothing," he said bluntly, " and for what I owe you we are quits. "

" Quits ! " she called aloud ; " 'tis the second time you have spoken that ungenerous word. Are you a trafficker in pawns and pledges that you deal so formally ? I know nothing of the word except in respect of my enemy. It has no place in my dictionary. "

" 'Tis possible that we regard it in the same light," he answered with meaning.

He had desired to convey to her that she must not look upon him as a friend, or even as an indifferent stranger ; yet she put no such interpretation upon his sentence.

" Sir," she said hotly, " you have said you are no spy. What are you then ? "

" You will remember, madam," he said, " that I have some secrets I have not blabbed. "

" I can make nothing of you," she said in despair ; " your face is a blank wall that holds all things privy and silent. But yet you must abide your fate. "

Her moving face was figured with some strong emotion, and stirred him deeply.

" Why," he said slowly, " a duel, Miss Carmichael, is a duel. What is fought for is fought for. I like not your brother. He is foreign to my ways and fancy, and I think he is too hard and skilful for boys. "

She gazed at him, drawing a deep breath, and put out her hand to touch his.

" You make a mark upon me which I do not understand," she said with animation ; " but I see you as you are—an honest gentleman who saved my life. "

" I have said we are quits," he said impatiently.

" No, no," she cried in a burst of anger.

" I will not have that or any such action laid to my credit," he said deliberately.

Her voice was as rapid and rich with feeling as his was cold and orderly.

" Ah, you are generous," she cried. " I know you are no spy. " He answered nothing.

She came a little closer, and again set her fingers on his arm, but this time they gripped him warmly.

" Mr. Warburton," she said in a low voice, " I am told that my brother Philip warned you. Why are you here ? "

" I am not used to take warnings," he replied, scarce heeding her words, but affected strangely by the clutch of her hand.

" They said you had the chance to go," she went on. " It was madness in you to stay. "

He cast his eyes upon the fingers that moved upon his sleeve, and thence his gaze shifted to her face and body. There was the blaze of some passion in her grey eyes, which he encountered.

" I have said that I take no warnings," he answered, resolved within himself that she should not so beguile him. He had no doubt that she was sent on this errand by her brothers to cajole him into a promise of secrecy.

" How came you to seek me here ? " he asked.

" I followed from the inn," she said simply ; " I was resolved to see you. "

" I will stay where I will," he said bluntly. " None shall move me till I will. "

Their eyes met again, and there was some despair that looked out of hers. He felt the thrill of her hand upon him. She dropped her arm.

" You are a fool," she cried suddenly and with savage vehemence, " a fool to throw your life away. Do you think I do not know what the end will be ? Oh, but you are mad, sir, you are mad. " And then, " Mr. Warburton, I beg you to desist," she pleaded. " Be not moved by this blind obstinacy. Conquer your pride. What if others have maltreated you in error ? I it was, 'twas I, also, that sinned. Do you bear a spite against me ? And if not, why against others ? They desire no harm to you, I do believe. "

He listened imperturbably. " Why, madam, is it you show such anxiety in my behalf ? " he asked plainly.

" Because I desire no man's death in innocence," she burst forth with passion.

" Nothing shall move me," he said, with a coldness that was almost brutal.

She turned on him like a storm. " Why is it you stay ? " she cried. " Is it only out of injured pride ? Who was that that left you in the lane ? Is't she, then, that keeps you ? "

" Madam, you spy upon me ? " he remarked with a sneer.

" No ; I chanced to see her. Are you ashamed of her ? " she cried, white now with her animosity. " If it be she who keeps you with those wandering eyes we shall not be rid of you. But you shall die where you rest and in your folly. "

" Madam," he said quietly, " the lady is she that loved a dead friend. "

She came to an abrupt pause, almost ceasing to breathe, and he eyed her in silence. He had an odd sense of discovery in that moment ; it stirred sharply in his heart, and went out. He knew now that he was master ; against that passive force of calm and determination she would beat in vain. Her blood and her sex alike betrayed her ; they were no match for one of that cold race and patient manhood. She knew nothing of this ; the spirit of such a creature bent not to reflection ; it felt, it suffered, it rejoiced and was bitter, passionate and cruel in a breath. But there was some faith she drew from him in those brief seconds. An impression passed into her blood, although she guessed not whence her impulses had sprung. She gasped in her breathless emotion, and he, in his turn, put forth his hand and touched her gently.

" You are kind, Miss Carmichael," he said softly. " But, indeed,

I tell you that you mistake me. Others shall do as I will, not I as they. "

Her eyes kept his face. " I have done what I could," she said with a sigh, " but you despise my advice. " She turned away without more words, and he looked after her. There was that in her quick, lithe gait that again affected him.

" By God," said he, " a handsome girl, a devilish handsome girl—and as devilish as handsome. I will have the devil in her cast her down. I will exact a proper penalty from my lady jade. Damme, I will exact what I will. "

## CHAPTER VII.

### IN THE PLEASANCE

ON the afternoon of the following day Warburton resolved to visit Sir George Everett. He was in no way anxious to do so, yet he felt that common politeness demanded the ceremony, now that he had been discovered by Miss Holt. Accordingly, under the vigilant eyes of the innkeeper, he set out for the valley in which Sir George's house was placed. It was a walk of a mile or more by very pleasant sheltered lanes now bright with late lilacs, and dropping the gold of the laburnum. He had by this time come to ignore the watch under which he lived, and though he supposed that someone followed him on this occasion, he cared not, and gave his attendant little thought.

Sir George, who was an irritable, plain-speaking, honest fellow, full of many bothers, which he took hardly, received him with some warmth. He had come here, he declared, to be quit of his daily troubles ; he was pressed by the affairs of his country, was being urged into political courses which he would rather avoid, and denounced all his neighbours for rogues or nincompoops.

To Warburton's mind he seemed a brisk, capable man, who would do his duty, if with much grumbling, and put the responsibilities with which he charged himself above his convenience. This consideration roused in him the doubt if he should communicate his knowledge as to the illicit trade on Lynsea. He turned the matter over in his thoughts.

" Sir George," said he, " I believe you to be a Justice ? "

" Aye," assented Sir George, " I have had the hanging of several rascals. "

" A man might lay an information before you even in these parts ? " asked Warburton.

" For certain. A magistrate is a magistrate, and carries the King's authority with him where he goes," returned Sir George with dignity.

Warburton sat considering.

" What is it makes you inquire ? " asked the baronet.

Warburton opened his lips, but at that moment the sound of wheels upon gravel caught his ear. He looked out of the window and saw a chaise drawn up before the house, and the flanks of the horse were steaming as with undue haste.

" Why, what is this ? " said Sir George who also had peered out. " These people are in a mighty flurry, it seems ! " As he spoke the door of the room opened and a man-servant approached, announcing a visitor.

" Who is this ? " said Sir George harshly.

" 'Tis Sir Stephen Carmichael, your honour," says the man.

" Ah, I have heard the name. He has some estate by here, purchased from old Tantellion," said Sir George with a nod. " I am honoured by this visit. Show him in. "

Warburton stood and bowed as the visitor entered.

Sir Stephen's gaze rested lightly on him for an instant as he returned the bow, yet Warburton fancied that there was inquiry in the look. He leaned upon his thick staff, and was magnificently civil to Sir George, deploring his gout which had held him from calling before. His eyes, nevertheless, as Warburton thought, were fixed like a cat's upon his host, watching and wondering. He appeared to be seeking for some information. Warburton laughed softly. He was aware now why those horses were so lathered with sweat, and what this ceremonious visit signified. They were afraid of him. Yet it must have been manifest very soon from Sir George's friendly bearing, that he knew nothing. The sharp senses of Sir Stephen were not likely to miss that fact. Indeed he glanced at Warburton presently with a faint smile, in part of condescension and partly of reassurance. Warburton laughed aloud this time, but checked himself and rose, bidding the two good-day.

No sooner was he out of the house than he espied Miss Dorothy ascending the drive. He would rather not have met her, but could do nothing save go forward, for he was visible to her plainly. But when he reached her he was smiling and debonair.

" Faith, you walk abroad a great deal, Miss Holt," said he.

" What have I to do but to walk ? " she said with a sigh. " I am too deeply intricate with life to pick my fingers at home. "

" Poor creature ! " said he, eyeing her. " But you must not suffer sorrow to eat you like a canker. You are too handsome a young lady to wear sackcloth all your days. "

" I will talk no more of it," she said quickly ; " 'tis no pleasure to a town gentleman such as you, sir, to entertain lachrymose maidens. "

" Nay, I believe I am not modish," he declared.

She glanced at him furtively. " Sir George saw your honoured uncle, my lord Crayle, in Town but a week ago. La ! he was greatly flustered, having his wig blown from him. "

Warburton laughed. " Fie on his bald head ! I would I had seen him. Poor devil, he shows his years badly. "

" They say that Crayle Park is beautiful," observed the girl.

" 'Tis so," he murmured indifferently. " 'Tis a pretty place and mightily expensive. "

" Mr. Warburton," she said, suddenly dropping her voice to a whisper, " there is a man who is hiding in that hedge and spying on us. "

" Indeed ! Faith, let him spy," said Warburton heartily. " I am not ashamed to be seen in such company. Gad, no ; Madam, I am proud of the proximity. "

He did not even turn his head, but his eyes twinkled good-naturedly on her face, which had run delicately pink.

" But why should he spy on us ? " she asked fearfully.

" How should I know ? He is a curious villager, madam. He has heard that a new toast has arrived here. In truth you have already a visitor. "



THE LATE LIEUT. R. W. PEARSON  
Died at Ladysmith of enteric



THE LATE CAPT. W. MAURICE MARTER  
Died from wounds received at Kame Siding



THE LATE CAPT. R. A. H. PEEL  
Died at Bloemfontein of enteric



THE LATE CAPT. B. C. C. S. MEERING  
Died at Bloemfontein of enteric



THE LATE SECOND LIEUT. F. O. N. O. LEGGATT  
Died at Ladysmith of enteric

"Who is that?" she asked, following his upward glance at the chaise.

"'Tis Sir Stephen Carmichael," he answered with a grin.

She started and made as if to go. "I will not see that dreadful man," she said.

"On the contrary, you will find him a most civil gentleman," he declared. "Sir George is greatly taken with him."

She hesitated, a change passed across her features, and she said haltingly, "You are right, Mr. Warburton. You have lectured me justly. I will not give way to my prejudices. I must do my duty to Sir George's guests." She bowed to him prettily, and, staring at her in surprise, the man returned the salutation. Then he descended the slope with a shrug of his big shoulders. Indeed, he had not at all fathomed this dainty creature of dimity, and he began to comprehend this.

A warm belief in the treachery of the Carmichaels and their nefarious plans possessed Warburton. He had reason enough for his faith, and nothing could subvert it. The arrival of Dorothy Holt vexed him, for he saw in it at once a trespass upon his own campaign and a personal danger to herself. Her presence on that coast could only enforce the warning of his own. The conjunction would signify to the Carmichaels that they were pursued by a vengeance. It was clear that they suspected him alone of that desire, and how greatly would Miss Holt assist their conjectures into certainty. In any case, he stood himself in a desperate peril, and he would have none join him in the hazards. A girl of such delicate mind and body had no right to interpose. Her strength should be the measure of her participation, and she was as weak as the bent upon the dunes, or the water that washed in the shallow trough of the Marl.

(To be continued)

## Victims of the War

LIEUTENANT REGINALD WILLIAM PEARSON, of the 2nd Rifle Brigade, who was killed at Ladysmith on the 22nd ult., at the age of twenty-three, was the elder son of Rear-Admiral Hugo Lewis Pearson, Commander-in-Chief on the Australian Station, and a former aide-de-camp to Her Majesty. Born on May 6, 1876, he entered the Militia as a lieutenant in the Devon Artillery, Western Division, R.A., in February, 1895, from which he passed into the Rifle Brigade on July 21, 1897. The following year he served in the campaign in the Soudan, under Lord Kitchener, with his battalion, and was present at the battle of Khartoum, for which he had the medal and the Egyptian medal with clasp.

Captain W. Maurice Marter, King's Dragoon Guards, died on April 3, from wounds received at Kame Siding. He was the only surviving son of Major-General Marter, of Walton, Epping, late King's Dragoon Guards and A.D.C. to the Queen, who captured Cetewayo in the Zulu war. Our portrait is by John Gavin, Norwich.

Captain Bertram Charles Christopher Spencer Meeking, of the 10th Hussars, whose death is reported from Bloemfontein of enteric fever, was born in 1864, and had seen no previous war service. Our portrait is by Chancellor and Son, Dublin.

Second Lieutenant Edward O'well N. Owen Leggatt, of the Second Royal Scots Fusiliers, died at Ladysmith of enteric fever. The present campaign was his first war experience.

Captain Reginald Arthur Haworth Peel, of the 2nd Life Guards, has died at Bloemfontein of enteric fever. He was born in 1863, and this was his first war service. Our portrait is by H. W. Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

"THE CITY OF LONDON DIRECTORY" (W. H. and L. Collingridge), which has reached its thirtieth annual issue, is not only a streets guide, but is an admirable directory of officials of all kinds connected with the City. The Corporation, the Court of Lieutenancy, Lloyds, the County Council, School Board, the City of London Union, the Churches and Schools, the Livery Companies, the City Volunteers, are all adequately dealt with, and a biographical section comprises portraits and biographies of the Aldermen and principal officers of the Corporation. A large coloured map greatly enhances the value of the Directory.—A seventh edition of "The Justices' Note Book" (Stevens and Sons), by the late W. Knox Ingram, is published under the joint editorship of Mr. Henry Warburton and Leonard W. Kershaw. The volume should prove very useful to county magistrates.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

"WOOD Street spare that tree, Touch not a single bough!" The other day there seemed to be a tempting opportunity to sing a new song to an old tune—to inveigh against the authorities for vandalism and to upbraid them for being about to uproot one of the most notable trees in London. But as Wood Street, or those in power, have kindly consented to spare the tree which has flourished for so many years in the yard of the disestablished church of St. Peter-in-Cheap, there will be no occasion for me to expend my energy in song. I will rather reserve it to be embodied in the heartiest congratulations with regard to the good taste shown in the preservation of this celebrated tree, whose vivid bright green in spring-time is indescribably refreshing to the weary wanderer amid the brick and mortar desert of Cheapside. Possibly, when the alterations are completed and there is more space around the tree, the rooks may once more be induced to build in it. Often have I intended to write an article on "The Trees of the City," but I daresay before it is completed there will be very few trees left. Gone is the grateful greenery and the fountain of Drapers' Gardens, and vanished are the turf and plane trees in front of Grocers' Hall. There still, however, remains the fine sycamore in Stationers' Hall Court, which seems to flourish the more luxuriantly the closer it is hemmed in by bricks and mortar.

The craze for the purchase of first editions of modern authors is altogether unaccountable. It would seem to be even more

unreasonable than the tulip mania in Holland in years gone by. In the latter case, you generally got a beautiful flower for your money; in the former, you often only acquire an imperfect and often immature specimen of the author's work. For, as a general rule, the later the edition the more complete it is likely to be. There seems, however, lately to be some sign that the mania is abating. Should there be a slump in first editions it would be a very awkward thing for those who are holding for a rise. When once the price begins to fall it is impossible to say when it will stop, and it must be borne in mind that many of these scarce works are only worth, intrinsically, the paper on which they are printed.

Another compliment to Ireland! This time it comes through the Postmaster-General. The "Wearin' of the Green"—if not sung—will be pictured on all our postages to the value of one halfpenny. This is all right and proper, but I confess I shall miss the decorative quality that the brilliant little red halfpenny stamp bestowed upon our letters. I have long been in the habit of using halfpenny stamps entirely, simply from their brightness and cheerfulness, but now they have been changed to green I shall only use them when absolutely obliged to do so. The penny stamp of the present day is a poor washed-out looking thing, and is in nowise to be compared with its jovial rubicund ancestor that gladdened our hearts many years ago. It is said there are special postal reasons for changing the hue of the halfpenny stamp. Let us hope there is no reason against its penny *confrère* returning to the glowing vermilion of years ago. If I had space—which many of my readers will be overjoyed to find I have *not*—I would dilate considerably on the "Comfort of Colour," and I would successfully demonstrate how much happiness might be dispensed by the circulation of warm-toned postage stamps. Those who do not remember the old red postage stamps of twenty years ago have no idea what an aspect of comfort and geniality they bestowed on our everyday correspondence.

The new electric lamp-bearers that they are erecting in my neighbourhood are still a source of great interest to me, because I cannot at present determine what form they are likely to take. Some of them are now surmounted with an ornate framework of wrought iron, and bear a striking resemblance to the inn-signs which you may still see in some old country towns. The lamp-posts alluded to only require the addition of swinging boards, inscribed "The Marquis of Granby," "The Red Lion," or "The Bystander's Arms" to make the illusion complete. I am inclined to think the framework alluded to will eventually be filled with a group of lights, but as matters stand at present the standards give quite a light-hearted and convivial character to the serious and respectable quarter in which I dwell.

It is sad to think in these days of progress and enlightenment that the conveyance by water between London Bridge and Putney is far worse than it was in the days of the "Jolly Young Waterman," and that would-be passengers have far more difficulty in making the trip than when Tom Beazely and Jacob Faithful plied their oars on the Thames. Probably this is the first season ever known to most of us when there has been no service of steamboats between the two points indicated. It is a disgrace to the metropolis that such a state of things should occur, and it is a still greater disgrace that it should be allowed to continue. Somebody should put it right at once. Either the Steamboat Company or the Thames Conservancy, or the London County Council, or a combination of the three. I don't care who does it as long as it is done at once. The service was always capable of improvement, and it might be enormously developed if some efficient organiser were to undertake it. I believe a return to the earlier system of charging a higher price for the after part of the steamer would be an excellent thing. Many people left off patronising the boats because they were throughout overcrowded. A return to the old system would at once obviate this drawback.



LIEUTENANT SMITHESON

Of the Rhodesian Regiment, renowned for his work as a scout in the Matabele War, who got through the Boer lines into Mafeking and back again to Colonel Plumer's camp with news and despatches

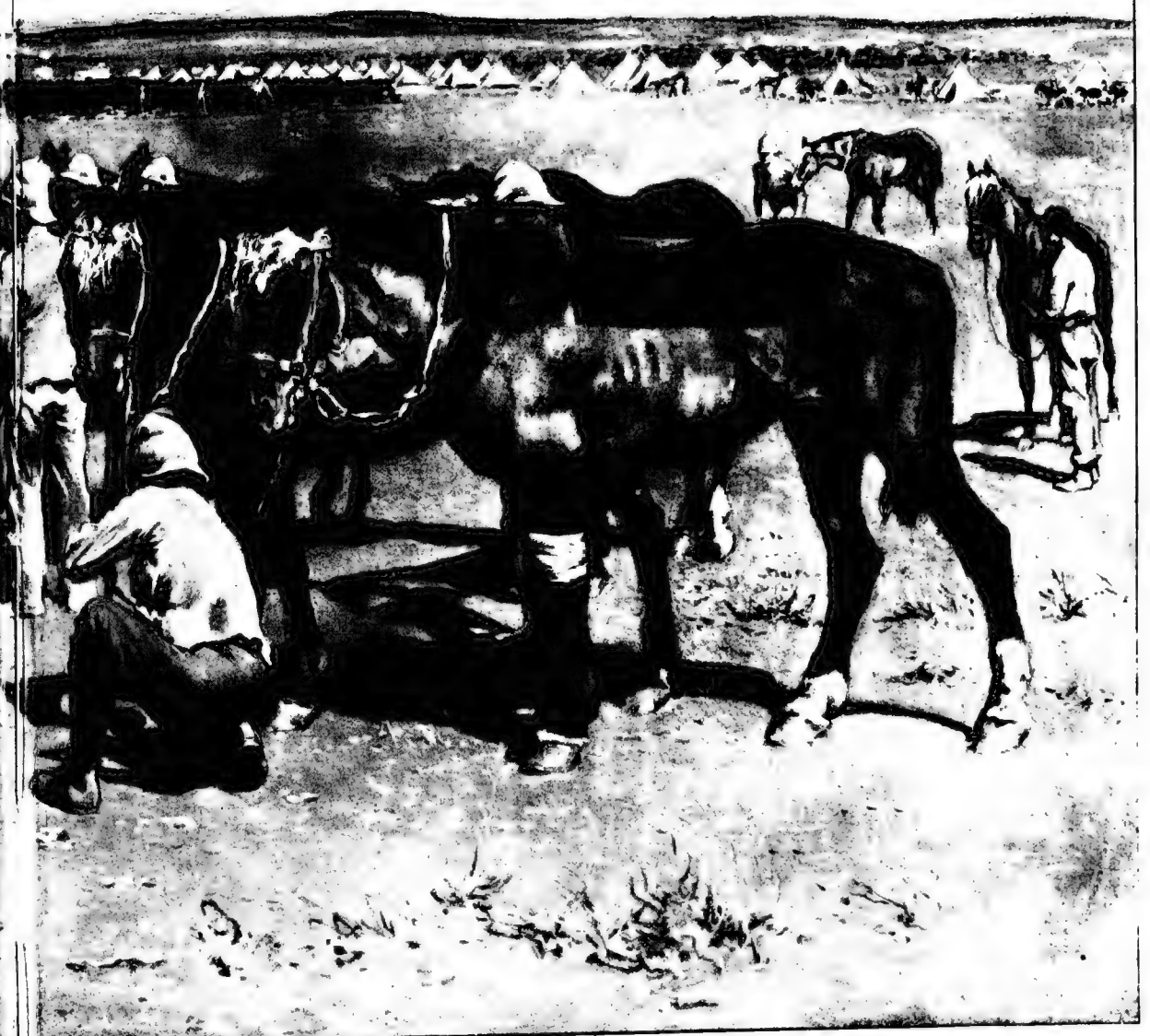




DRAWN BY W. SMITH

"More horses." That is at present the need of our Army in South Africa. Indeed, it is understood that it is from lack of horses that Lord Roberts's advance has been delayed. A correspondent stated the other day that when Bloemfontein was reached, a battery of Lord Roberts's force could get into action no faster than a walk, and that more than one of our crack cavalry regiments could

hardly muster 120 mounts. Such has been the strain on the animals during the war. The wastage of horses has been computed at 5,000 a month. The worn-out and wounded horses are sent back from the front to farms to recover, if possible. At one of these farms, out of 600 only four could be found "fit for service." The greatest care is taken of the horses, but forced marches over rough roads and poor food play

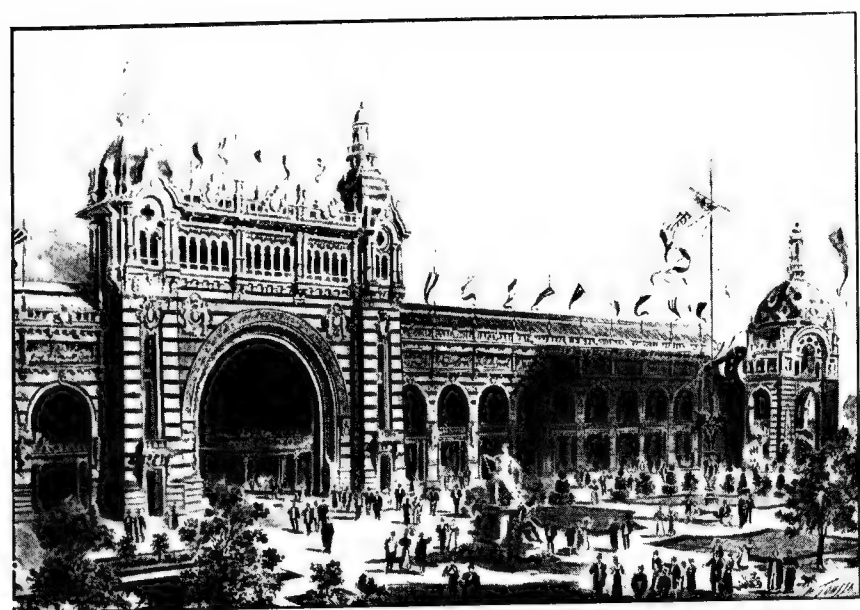


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. SMITH

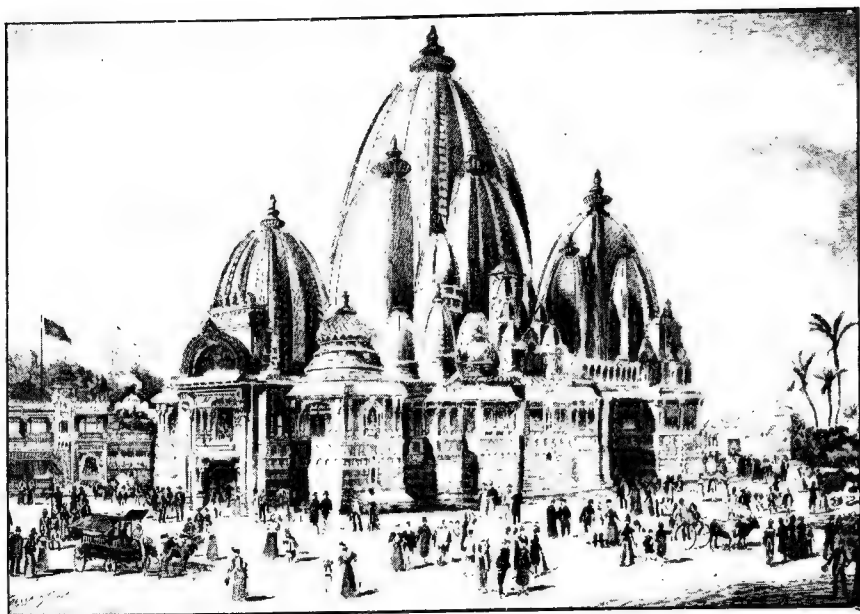
pave with them, especially as many had not been allowed time to recover from the effects of their voyage to South Africa. When it is considered that each horse sent out from this country costs the Government a little less than 100*l.* before he arrives at the front, the enormous sum being expended on the war can be understood. Wounded horses receive every attention, and the care bestowed on

them is second only to that given to their riders. A horse was lately reported in which the wound was in half a dozen places, and the animal was still fit for service.

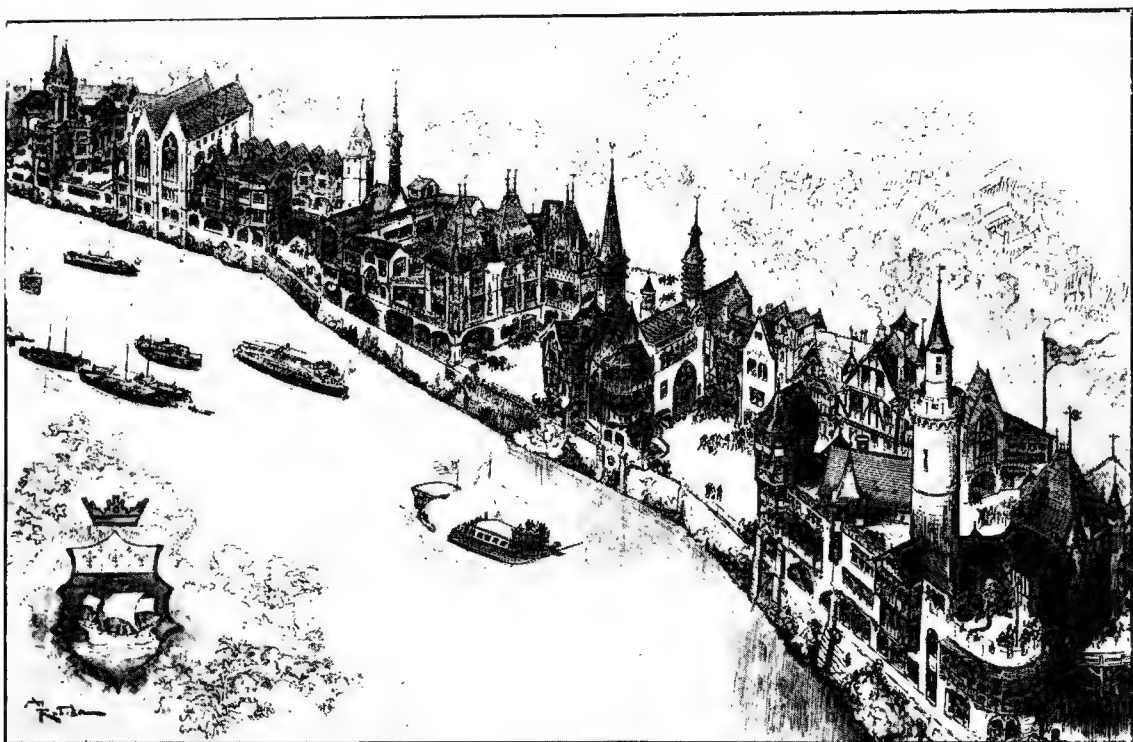
# PATIENT VICTIMS OF THE WAR: WOUNDED HORSES SENT BACK FROM THE FRONT BEING EXAMINED



THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND MEANS OF TRANSPORT



THE VISHNU PAGODA



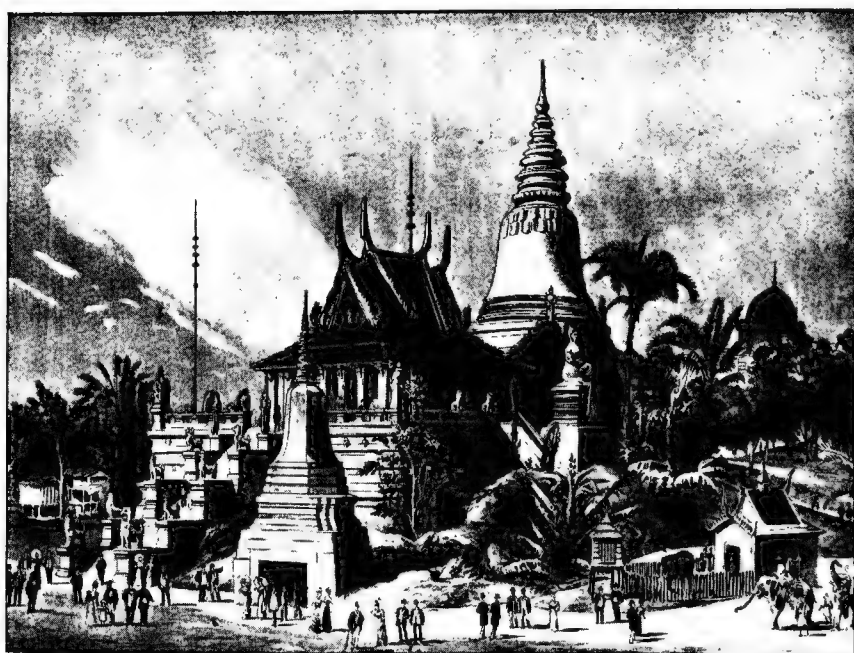
GENERAL VIEW OF OLD PARIS



THE SWISS VILLAGE: THE TOWERS OF BERNE

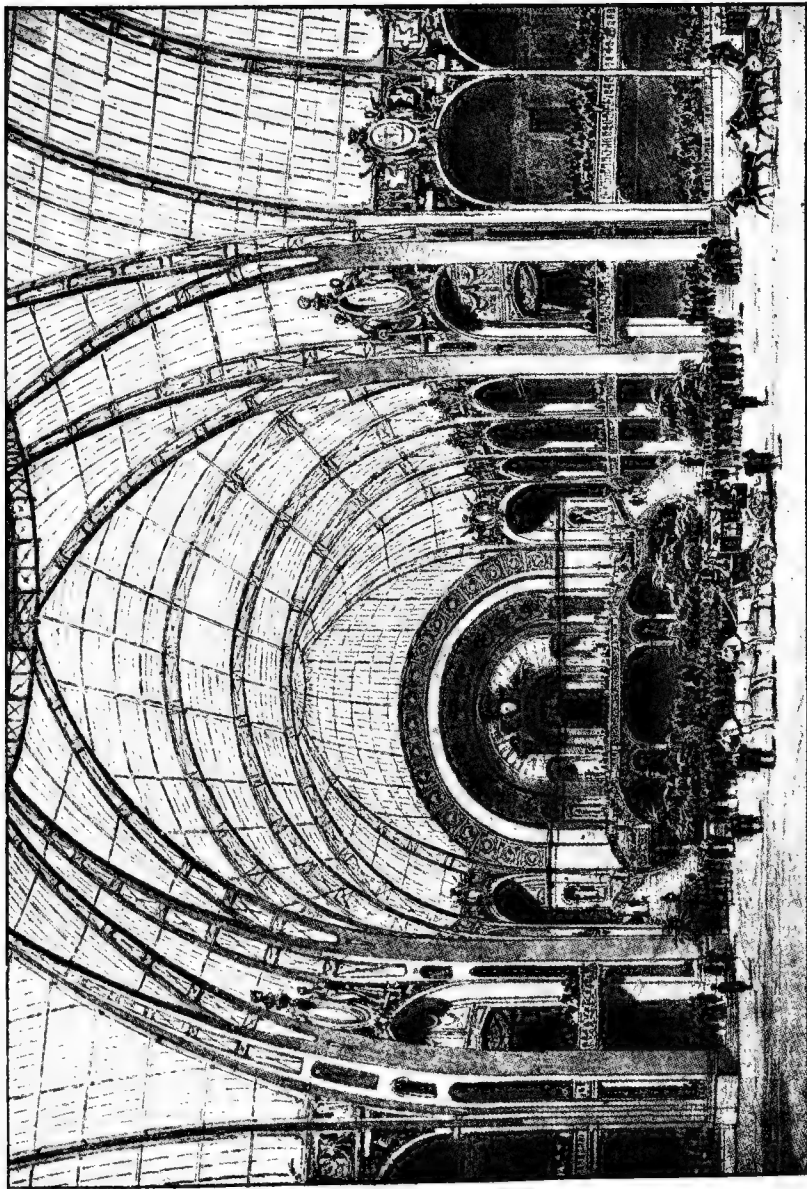


THE PALACE OF ASIATIC RUSSIA

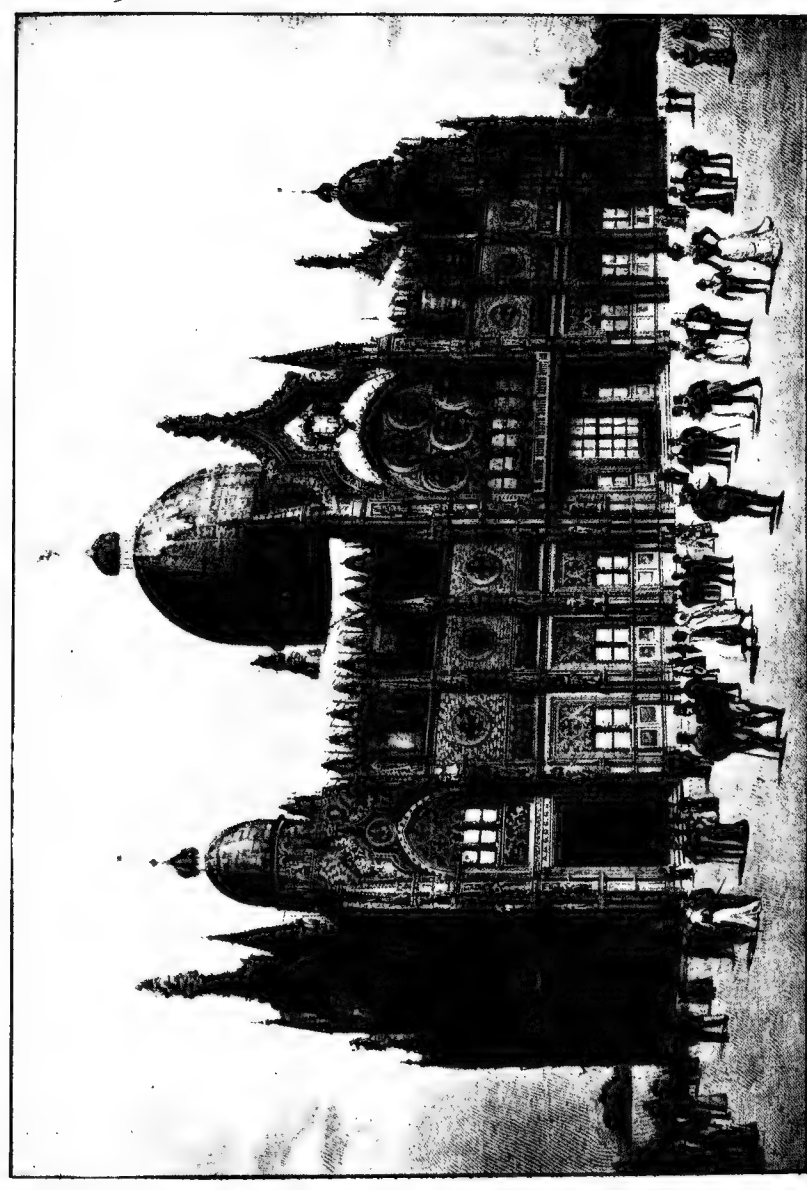


THE PALACE OF CAMBODIA

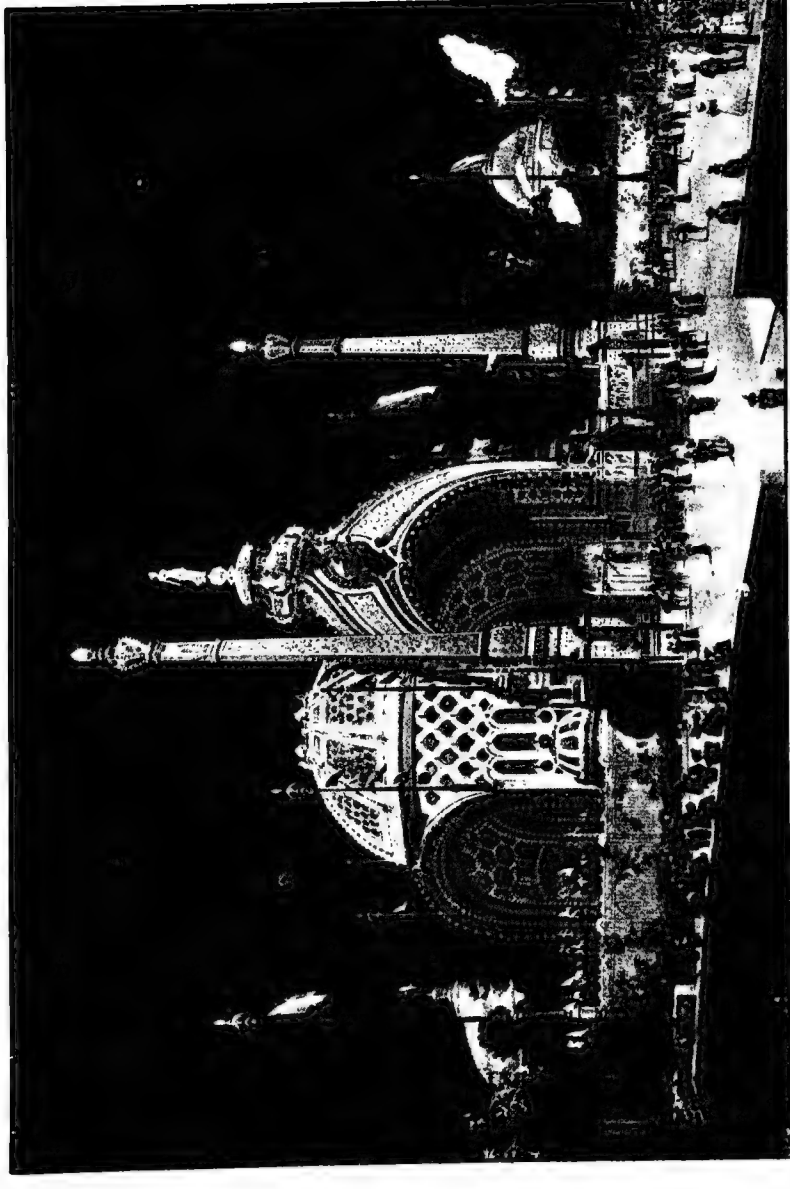




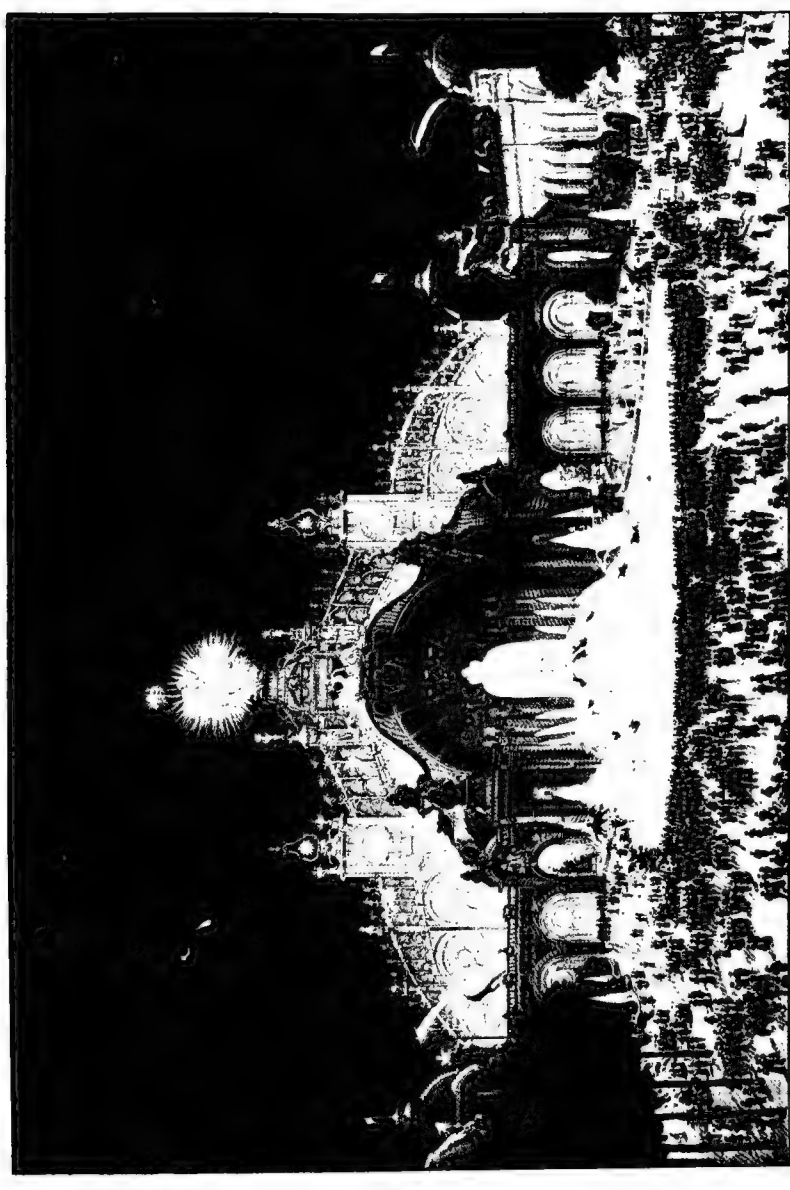
THE GREAT "PALAIS DES CHAMPS ELYSEES": VIEW OF THE TRANSEPT



THE ITALIAN PALACE



THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE: THE MONUMENTAL GATEWAY IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE



THE PALACE OF ELECTRICITY AND THE CHATEAU DEAU AT NIGHT

The Return of the "Maine"

THE American hospital ship *Maine* arrived at Southampton on Monday, a day before she was expected. In expectation of the reception, the quay had been decorated with huge banners bearing inscriptions of welcome decorated with American and British flags, but when the vessel arrived, the quay was absolutely deserted, with the exception of the officials who were on duty. The *Maine* was flying on the mizzen the Union Jack with the Red Cross presented before her departure by the Duke of Connaught, the Stars and Stripes floated from the foremast, and the transport flag from the stern. The committee of ladies who had arranged for a welcome to the *Maine* on her arrival had not time to leave London before the vessel was at Southampton. Lady Randolph Churchill was interviewed on the arrival by a press representative and said that everything had gone off splendidly. There had not been a single hitch with the *Maine* or disagreement with anyone. Their relations with the authorities had been everything that could be desired, and every possible facility had been given them, and they had had practically a free hand. The progress of the patients on board had been most satisfactory. Altogether about 151 men and twelve officers were on board. All of them expressed gratitude and thanks for the treatment they had received. Three deaths had occurred on the voyage, one non-commissioned officer and two men having died, but their cases were considered hopeless from the first. Nearly all the men on board were from Sir Redvers Buller's force. Lady Randolph Churchill added that both her sons had been on the *Maine*. One of them, Mr. John Churchill, had

been serving in the South African Light Horse. The other, Mr. Winston Churchill, the well-known correspondent of the *Morning Post*. needs no introduction to our readers. The patients from the *Maine* were taken to Netley, where they were presented with a special donation of tobacco and pipes with the inscription "A.H.S. *Maine*."

three Surgeons, Dr. G. E. Dodge, Dr. H. H. Hodman, of New York, and Dr. C. H. Weber, of Philadelphia, five nursing sisters, and twenty-three nursing orderlies. Among the nurses is Miss M. E. Hibbard, who has served as head of the United States hospital at Savannah, and has also been on duty in the Surgeon-General's office in Washington.

Lieut. Ellis (Rifle Brigade)    Lieut. Campbell (Lancs. Fusiliers)    Capt. Sandbach (King's Royal Rifles)    Mr. J. Churchill (South African Light Horse)



Piece of the Armoured Train from Chieveley (Lieut. P. D. Steward Gordon Highlanders)    Lieut. Wilson (Lancs. Fusiliers)    Capt. Thorp (Rifle Brigade)    Major Thistlethwaite (King's Royal Rifles)    Lieut. McLean (I.L.I.)    Lieut. Melkjohn (Warwickshire Reg.)  
WOUNDED OFFICERS ON BOARD THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE," IN DURBAN HARBOUR

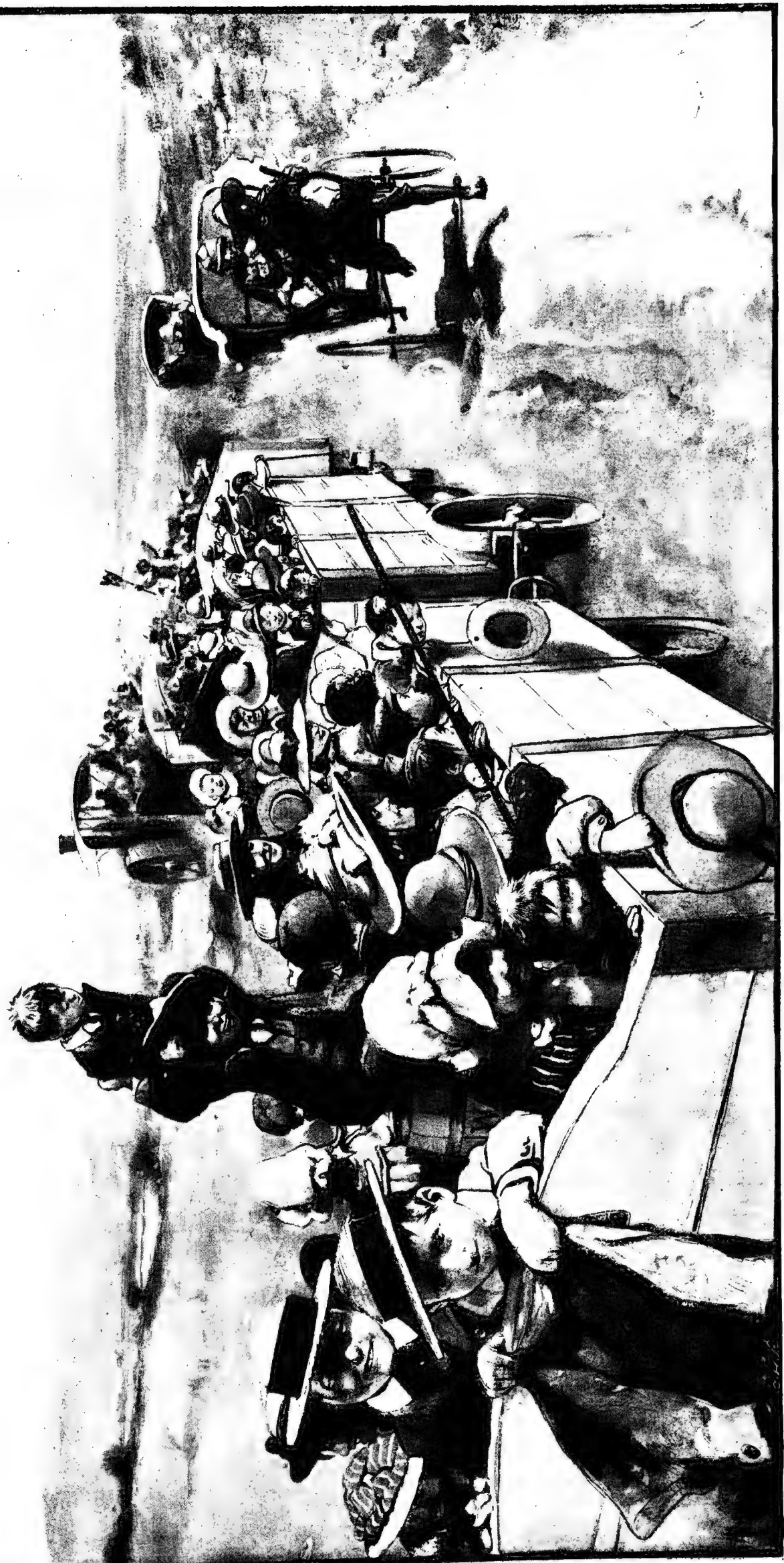
Dr. Weber    Sister Virginia    Colonel Hensman, P.M.O.    Captain Stone    Dr. Dodge    Sister Margaret



Miss Hibbard    Sister Ruth    Lady Randolph Churchill    Miss Warrender    Sister Sara

THE MEDICAL STAFF ON THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE"  
From Photographs by J. Bowers





FROM A SKETCH BY H. LEA

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

A Correspondent in Maritzburg writes:—"Traction engines have been pressed into service by the military for transport purposes, and the unwieldy-looking machines have largely taken the place of the ox waggon with their long teams. But never before were the engines put to such a peaceful and happy purpose as when they were used the other day to drag waggon loads of refugee children into the country for a treat."

A NEW USE FOR TRACTION ENGINES: A HOLIDAY FOR REFUGEE CHILDREN AT MARITZBURG



THE COLLAPSE OF THE BRIDGE OVER THE AVENUE SUFFREN: REMOVING THE WOUNDED

## The Paris Exhibition

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

THE Paris Exhibition of 1900 seems pursued by ill-luck. First, it experienced the greatest difficulty in getting under way, and then, just when it was getting through the operation of "coming out in penny numbers" fairly satisfactorily, we had the appalling accident on the Avenue Suffren. To make matters worse, this took place on a Sunday, that is to say, when there were over a hundred thousand visitors in the grounds. The clanging of the bells of the ambulance waggons, and the gallop of the fire brigade called from all quarters to aid in the work of clearing away the wreckage, brought the accident home to the crowd more than columns of newspaper articles could have done. The result was, as is always the case on such occasions, that stories of the most extraordinary nature began to fly about, and by the time the news reached the Boulevards, the number of victims was placed at several hundreds. Fortunately they were less than a score, but, nevertheless, the mischief had been done; in the public mind the Exhibition, if only for an hour or two, had been associated with the idea of a terrible catastrophe. Then, of course, the inevitable politics came to the front. The *Presse*, the *Patrie*, the *Intransigeant*, the *Eclair*, the *Echo de Paris*, the *Libre Parole* and every other Nationalist and anti-Governmental sheet denounced M. Millerand and the Waldeck-Rousseau Cabinet as responsible for the calamity. The fact that the accident took place outside the Exhibition grounds, and that the footbridge which collapsed was a purely private enterprise, built to connect the Exhibition with the "Globe Celeste," one of the side-shows lying on the other side of the Avenue Suffren, was completely ignored. The accident was declared to be in some way due to the premature opening of the Exhibition by M. Millerand. If by any

chance the Exhibition had *not* opened on the appointed day, the same Press would have denounced the Ministry for keeping the public out of the grounds. Fortunately, the Chamber is not in Session, or I am afraid M. Millerand would pass a bad quarter of an hour at the hands of the Nationalists. The matter will, of course, be brought up when Parliament meets in the beginning of June, but by that time the collapse of the bridge will be ancient history.

Meanwhile the Exhibition is making sure, if somewhat slow, progress towards completion. There are now enough sections open to occupy the attention of a conscientious visitor for days together. At the Trocadero we have the Algerian Section, Tunisie, French Guiana, Dahomey, Tonkin, Indo-China, the Palace of Asiatic Russia, China, Australia, and a part of the British Indian Section completely ready, also three dioramas, those of Mayotte, the Comores, and St. Pierre. On the Cour la Reine the Pavilion of the City of Paris and a part of the Palais des Congres are completed. On the Champ de Mars a great amount of progress has been made. The following are now open to the public:—The Pavilion of the Messageries Maritimes, the Pavilion of San Marino, the British Military Exhibit, and the Pavilion of the Paris Chamber of Commerce. The Palace of Technical Education, the installation of the Textile Palace and the Pavilion of the P. and O. Company are also very far advanced. In the Rue des Nations the Pavilions of Greece, Servia, Bosnia, Norway, Finland, Denmark and Austria are completely installed. On the Esplanade des Invalides the Furniture Section is almost complete.

To the Colonial Section belongs the honour of being first in the field. The Russian Pavilion was formally inaugurated by the President of the Republic a fortnight ago, and the others, both French and foreign, are rapidly approaching completion. I had almost forgotten to make honourable mention of the Transvaal Pavilion, which was open to the public the very first day. The merit of this achievement is somewhat lessened, however, by the fact that all it

THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT IN THE AVENUE SUFFREN HALF AN HOUR AFTERWARDS  
THE DISASTER AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

contains is an oil painting of President Kruger, a Bible, a map in relief of the Netherlands Railway Company lines, and a few photographs of the leading mines at Johannesburg.

What is also ready are the various "side shows," which, however, are due to private enterprise, and as money-making concerns had every interest in being ready for the opening day. The most ambitious of these is the "Vieux Paris," on the right bank of the Seine, and the Swiss Village, which is established near the Big Wheel. The Vieux Paris is a most successful reproduction of Paris of the Middle Ages. The Swiss Village is the country of Tell in a nutshell, including houses, mountains and glaciers.

One of the most imposing buildings architecturally is the Round-the-World Panorama. The Costume Palace, designed by M. Félix, is open, and is the admiration of visitors. It gives the history of costumes from the remotest times to the present day, and is a most interesting exhibition. Our photographs of the disaster are by Léon Bouët, Paris.

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE resumption of the sittings of Parliament after the Easter Recess has not elicited sign of renewed energy. The Lords did not come back till Monday, and as far as they find work to do might well have extended their holiday for another week. The only movement in the gilded chamber has been the migration of the Marquess of Londonderry to the Ministerial Bench. This is a distinct loss to the vitality of a chamber not overburdened with that quality. Whilst he still sat on the back benches behind his esteemed leader, aligned with right reverend bishops, there was ever potentiality of sport. A vigorous, breezy speaker of independent mind, placed by fortune above temptation to make friends with the mammon of Ministries, he from time to time broke out in refreshing revolt.

The attraction of the performance was, after some repetition, marred by conviction that things would go no further. Had Lord Londonderry really meant business he could have made himself very unpleasant even to so powerful a Ministry as that which now cares for the Empire. Once, pending an election in the North of England, he went so far as to threaten to throw his influence into the scale against the Government candidate. In the end he relented and the seat was carried. On other occasions, in similar fashion, he, a political Duke of York, has marched his army up the hill and marched it down again. Nevertheless, his speeches in the House of Lords were always safely counted upon to vary the monotony of that august assembly. Now Lord Londonderry is Postmaster-General, and peace reigns in the Warsaw of the back benches.

To-night (Friday) there is some probability that the dead level of the debate in the Commons will be ruffled. The Army Vote is put down as the first business of the sitting, with the avowed object of providing opportunity for discussing the circumstances under which were published Lord Roberts's strictures on the Spion Kop affair. There has been in advance a good deal of sparring round this point. The Government have had the good fortune, unsolicited and undesigned, of finding Mr. Swift MacNeill marking the question as his own. Night after night he has boldly advertised himself in connection with it. If an Irish member, as is the wont of the simpler kind, questions Ministers on local affairs, he finds himself absolutely ignored in the Parliamentary reports. For all practical purposes he might as well have taken the ordinary business-like way of privately addressing the department. If, on the contrary, he attaches himself to a question of keen public interest, such as that of the Spion Kop despatches, he is sure to have prominent space given him in all the newspapers.

Mr. MacNeill has perceived and made the most of this opportunity, with the consequence that other members, declining to associate themselves with his manner of treating serious questions, stand aside, leaving him in sole possession of the prominent kopje. Mr. Balfour, whilst not indisposed to profit by this accident, cannot be deaf and blind to the sensation created out of doors by the episode. Hence the appointment of to-night's sitting for debate on the subject, including, it is confidently expected, full Ministerial explanation.

For the rest, the House of Commons has gone about its daily business in dolorous mood. This was not relieved by the announcement made by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs that another two millions must be forthcoming for the completion of the Uganda Railway. Three millions was the sum originally voted for the enterprise, and it was confidently estimated by the Foreign Office that it would suffice. As not infrequently happens with building contracts, the whole of the sum has been spent and two millions more are needed. It is curious to find that even in this remote part of the earth it is the labour question that has chiefly affected the estimate. The Government were advised of the certainty of the prospect of finding among natives of the district the bulk of the navvies. In Uganda the day's wage varies from fourpence to sixpence per head. The natives not mustering as was expected, it was found necessary to drain the teeming population of India.

Large employers of labour in this country, some of whom listened to Mr. Brodrick's speech, sighed when they heard the Under-Secretary lament the fact that the skilled labourer from India is so rapacious that he positively demands a wage of a shilling a day. It is a complaint the employer of the British workman would gladly share. Nevertheless, taken in conjunction with the increased cost of material, it has grievously upset estimates originally formed of the cost of the Uganda Railway.

Private members have had restored to them the privilege of Tuesday nights. This week it was, as is not uncommon, marked by a count-out. It should, however, be said that that stage was reached only after the business set down on the paper had been completed. It included the debate on the important question of the burden of local taxation in urban districts. With a General Election looming in the near distance this is a ticklish question. But the present mood of the House of Commons is not to be uplifted even by such a lever. No debater of the first rank joined in the discussion, which was rounded off by a division, in which, of the 250 members who took part in it, not half a hundred had heard the speeches.



## The Delagoa Bay Arbitration

THE STORY OF AN ILL-STARRED VENTURE

THE public interest excited by the Delagoa Bay Arbitration has, on the facts of the case, been far greater than its issue would seem to warrant. In its essential character the dispute does not belong to the domain of the *haute politique*. It was a quarrel between a private company and a foreign Government, resembling many scores of similar quarrels which arise every year and are settled without attracting public notice. The company had obtained a concession to run a railway through the Portuguese Colony of Lourenço Marques, and the Portuguese Government had rescinded the concession and confiscated the railway on the ground that the conditions of the contract had not been observed. The action of Portugal was harsh and high-handed, and the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, whose subjects most of the shareholders in the railway company are, intervened. Portugal ultimately acknowledged her liability to pay an indemnity, and the question of assessing its amount was referred to arbitration. This, in a few words, was the whole dispute. How is it that it came to be regarded as a matter of the highest international importance?

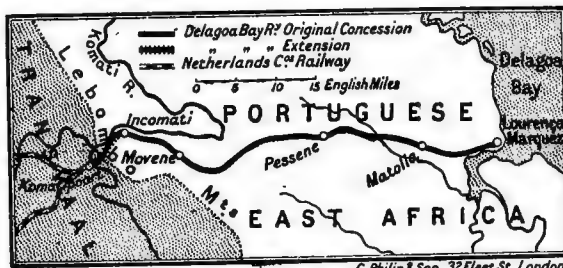
### THE FINEST HARBOUR IN SOUTH AFRICA

The reason is that it seemed not unlikely that the solution might involve the transfer of Delagoa Bay (or Lourenço Marques, as it is officially called) to England. Now, of all the great prizes in South Africa none is of greater potential value than this Colony. The bay itself is the best harbour in South Africa. It is the only harbour not under British control. It occupies one of the most important strategical positions in the world. Finally, it is the terminus of the shortest route to the Transvaal goldfields and consequently the key to the busiest region in South Africa. If England could obtain possession of this Colony her last anxiety in South Africa would disappear, for in foreign hands it might easily be used to ruin the trade of Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban. The reason that it was possible that the award of the Delagoa Bay Arbitration might result in the transfer of the Colony, or at any rate, of its railway to England, was this: Portugal is over head and ears in debt. She has neither money nor credit, and it would be quite impossible for her to pay heavy damages. There was every

was, at any rate, secured to Portugal, and thus England was saved the interference in South Africa of a more formidable Power. The importance of this agreement was realised in 1896, when, but for Lord Derby's happy inspiration, Delagoa Bay would most certainly have passed into the hands of Germany.

### THE BOERS AND THE FIRST CONCESSION

Shortly after these events the Boers of the Transvaal came on the scene. Inspired by a traditional hatred of the British they resented their economic dependence on the British colonies, and although as yet they had little trade of their own with the outside world, they were anxious to transact it by channels which were not under British control. They cast their eyes towards Delagoa Bay, and



dreamt of a railway connecting that port with Pretoria. President Kruger discussed the question with his Volksraad in 1873, and two years later went to Europe to raise the capital for the scheme. He was not successful, and in 1883 an American, Colonel Edward McMurdo, obtained a concession to construct the railway from the Portuguese Government.

### INTRIGUES AGAINST THE RAILWAY SCHEME

Up to this time the relations of England and Portugal had been very friendly, but in the following year events occurred which seem to have suggested to Portuguese statesmen that they might find better friends elsewhere. That was the year of the Congo Conference, of Germany's *début* as a Colonial Power, of President Kruger's visit to Europe, and of the negotiation of the London Convention. The prestige of England had suffered severely by the

Tribunal. How far the decision of that Tribunal is just is difficult to say without knowing the grounds of the judgment. The British Company claimed about three millions sterling, including interest, whereas the Portuguese Government contended that something less than 300,000*l.* would represent the actual losses incurred by the concessionaires. The Arbitrators have apparently accepted neither of these estimates, even as a basis, for the total amount of the damages they have assessed against Portugal is about 900,000*l.*, and out of that nearly 100,000*l.* will have to be paid in costs. One good result will flow from this moderate verdict. The amount payable is within the resources of Portugal, and consequently there will be none of the international complications which the world had anticipated.

## The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours

SINCE Miss Ethel Newcome stole a green ticket, inscribed "Sold," from the walls of this gallery, and appeared at dinner with it pinned on her frock, to the intense disgust of her grandmother, Lady New, a good many things have happened, and many years have passed away. And yet there are artists exhibiting in the present collection whose pictures must have been gazed on by her ladyship and her refractory granddaughter on the occasion of the memorable visit chronicled by Thackeray. The painters referred to are Miss Maria Harrison, Mr. William Callow and Mr. Carl Haag, who have been regular contributors to the exhibitions of the Society for the last fifty years. A glance at "Flowers from the Greenhouse," "Andernach," and "The Amphitheatre of Herodes Atticus" will demonstrate the fact that notwithstanding half a century of exhibition these artists are still going as strong as ever. Though, doubtless, the collection suffers from the absence of some ten important members there is not a little—especially in landscape—that will interest the visitor.

Besides his London scenes—which are always welcome—Mr. Herbert Marshall seeks fresh themes, such as "Amiens" and his deftly wrought and impressive picture of "Rouen." Sir Francis Powell gives a delightful bit of colour in his subtly rendered "Early Morning—Clyde Whelk Gatherers." The President, Mr. E. A. Waterlow, sends four pictures, and we are inclined to prefer



M. JOSEPH BLAESI  
Judge of the Arbitration Court



DR. ANDREAS HEUSLER  
Judge of the Arbitration Court



M. CHARLES SOLDAN  
Judge of the Arbitration Court



MR. E. M. UNDERDOWN, Q.C.  
British Consul

### THE DELAGOA BAY ARBITRATION

likelihood of the damages awarded by the Berne Tribunal running into several millions sterling, and in that case the only way in which the judgment could have been acted upon would have been to put the bailiff in. It was understood, however, that a friendly arrangement had been arrived at with Portugal by which this disagreeable extremity was to be avoided on terms which practically granted us all we wanted in Delagoa Bay, and to this arrangement Germany was a party under the Secret Treaty of August, 1898. This was the reason why the award was looked forward to with so much anxiety all over Europe, for the transfer of Delagoa Bay to England would have been an event of the highest political significance, not only in its incidence on the pending war, but in its relation to France's new colony in Madagascar, and to the whole economic future of South Africa.

### OFFERED TO ENGLAND FOR £12,000

Less than a generation ago Delagoa Bay belonged to the waste places of the earth. It was little known; it was scarcely inhabited. In a casual way England had ear-marked it as far back as 1823, when Captain Owen concluded treaties with the local chiefs, but no attempt had been made to act on these treaties. Early in the seventies Great Britain awakened to the potential importance of the Bay, and an expedition was sent to occupy it. This at once evoked a protest from Portugal, who declared that the Bay belonged to her by right of discovery. So little sure, however, was she of her case that she proposed to sell her rights for 12,000*l.* Lord Granville declined the offer, "for which," says Colonel Malletson, "he deserved to be impeached." After a lengthy correspondence, it was resolved to submit the dispute to the arbitration of the President of the French Republic, and a protocol to this effect was signed in September, 1872. In July, 1875, Marshal MacMahon gave his award, which was in favour of Portugal. By this time the importance of Delagoa Bay had been fully grasped by the British Government, and although it was no longer possible to remedy Lord Granville's blunder in refusing to buy out the Portuguese, there was still a chance of preventing the Bay from becoming a source of serious embarrassments to us. With this view Lord Derby, who had succeeded Lord Granville at the Foreign Office, proposed to Portugal, a month before the arbitral decision was given, that whatever the result of the arbitration, the successful litigant should consent to give a right of pre-emption over the disputed territory to the unsuccessful litigant. This was agreed to, with the result that the possession of the bay

Majuba settlement, and Portugal, feeling herself weak, hastened to prostrate herself before the rising suns in Berlin and Pretoria. What took place between President Kruger and Prince Bismarck in Berlin, and between the President and the Portuguese Premier in Lisbon, is not known, but very shortly afterwards Colonel McMurdo, who represented an Anglo-American syndicate which had acquired the right to fix the tariff of the proposed railway, found nothing but obstacles in his path. It appears that a secret agreement had been concluded with the Transvaal promising that State the right to construct a tramway competing with the McMurdo line, although the concession for the latter specifically excluded all competing railways. This agreement rendered it difficult for Colonel McMurdo to form his company. Nevertheless, it was so transparently *ultra vires* that capitalists were eventually persuaded to place the necessary funds at the disposal of Colonel McMurdo, and in 1887 the works were commenced. The intrigues of the Transvaal, however, did not cease. It happened that the frontier between Lourenço Marques and the South African Republic had not been delimited, and as the new Railway Company had accepted the obligation to carry its line as far as the frontier by a certain date, all the diplomacy of Pretoria was employed to prevent the frontier from being fixed. At the last moment, when the railway had been completed according to the original plans, the Company was coolly informed that the frontier claimed by the Portuguese Government was nine kilometres further on, and that unless the line covered that distance by the date laid down in the contract, the concession would be regarded as null and void. The Company set to work to perform the task, but owing to the rainy season did not accomplish it. On this the concession was declared forfeit, and the whole line, which had been opened to traffic under the original plans, was confiscated.

### COMPENSATION CLAIMS

It was under these circumstances that the Governments of Great Britain and the United States intervened, and insisted on due compensation being paid to their subjects who had been so outrageously victimised. After a long correspondence Portugal acknowledged her liability to pay compensation and agreed to arbitration, meanwhile paying 28,000*l.* to meet any pressing necessities of the dispossessed concessionaires.

This, in brief, is the story of the Delagoa Bay Railway dispute, which has now been adjudicated upon by the Berne Arbitral

his smaller works—especially "A Farm in Provence" and "A Hamlet by the Sea"—to his more ambitious contribution "Weston Mill." Mr. Walter Bayes's "Two Ponds"—indeed, all his work, of which there are five examples in the exhibition—is distinguished by an unconventionality and a delicacy of touch which commends it to our special attention. Miss Rose Barton no longer paints the London streets, but has successfully struck out a line of her own, as may be seen in such works as "The Swing" and "Hush-a-bye." If you want a veritable "sniff of the briny" and to enjoy a fine sea breeze, we counsel you to make a considerable pause before "The Seagull's Dinner" and "A Pull to Windward," by Mr. C. Napier Hemy. A clever little child-picture is "La Débutante," by Mr. J. Henry Henshall, and among Mr. W. Matthew Hales' contributions may be particularly mentioned "Bristol." A fine example of Sir E. J. Poynter's work in water-colour may be found in "Helena and Hermia."

No one is more skilful in depicting the umbrageous glory of gardens—be they in England or in France, in Italy or Japan—than Mr. Alfred Parsons, and an excellent example of his power in this direction may be found in "A Book of Verses Underneath the Trees." Mr. S. J. Hodson has had a by no means easy task in portraying the "Bowing Round," which takes place at the public supping at Christ's Hospital. The crowd of people in everyday sombre garments must have been a terrible trial to anyone with an eye for the picturesque. And yet, by means of a deft arrangement of the procession of boys, and a clever utilisation of the aldermanic gowns and bits of colour wherever available, the artist has succeeded in making the work pictorially attractive, and—with the portraits, including that of Duke of Cambridge, president—historically exact. "The Likeness Growing," is a dainty little comedy in old world costume, by Mr. F. Smallfield, and "The Gleaners" is a tender idyl by Mr. G. Clausen. Mr. Albert Goodwin is a liberal contributor to the gallery, and among his pictures may be named "Fribourg in Twilight" and "Lincoln" as worthy of attentive consideration. Mr. W. Eyre Walker's "Night"—besides other works—Mr. S. P. Jackson's "Watergate Bay," Mr. Colin L. Phillips' "Scour na Gillean," Mr. Walter Field's "Sonning-on-Thames," Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury's "Afternoon Sunlight," Miss Clara Montalba's "Rialto"—and other works—Mrs. Allingham's "Farmyard Corner," and Mr. E. A. Goodall's "St. Paul's from Bankside," are among the many good things that will claim the attention of the visitor to this pleasant gallery.

## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

MADEIRA and the Canaries have this year taken the place of the Riviera as a favourite spring resort. The views from Funchal are fine, the scent from exotic flower gardens delicious, the wild flowers English in their appearance; violets, broom and gorse alternating with rarer blossoms, wild geraniums, purple orchids, wonderful masses of arum lilies and ranunculus grandifolius, etc.—altogether a feast of beauty and fragrance for those who tire of the long, bleak English spring.

An Adamless Eden seems to have been inaugurated successfully in Boston, where a flower dance, from which all men were rigidly excluded, recently took place. It was modern to a degree; the guests arrived in motor-cars; the orchestra was composed and led entirely by women; while the dancers themselves represented flowers, and wore green stockings to typify the flower-stalks. The idea is a pretty and picturesque one, and like all American conceptions, was perfectly and consistently carried out.

Motor-cars promise to become a distinctly dangerous feature of life in the future. In Paris the streets offer a very gargatory to the timid pedestrian, who goes in fear of his life from the erratic vagaries of coachmen, cyclists and motor-cars. At last steps are to be taken to regulate the speed of traffic. In Berlin too people are growing afraid since a fatal accident happened to a young lady belonging to one of the best families, who was run over and fearfully injured by a tram-car, and from the effects of which she died. Young, beautiful and popular, her death created an immense sensation among her friends. It is said that her dog, a valuable hound, followed her to the hospital, and was with difficulty removed after her death, so attached was he to his mistress.

A pretty fashion has been inaugurated by a millionaire princess, of inviting her friends to tea, and presenting them each with a lovely Chippendale tea-table, on which stands a complete Queen Anne tea service in silver. The idea, though unique, is not likely to become very universal, for the number of one's friends would be likely to grow out of all due proportion to the desire to give them presents. Dainty tea-tables form, however, very delightful wedding gifts, and are certainly more appreciated than many useless trifles. At the marriage of Miss De Moleyns to Mr. Gretton, the latter gave each of the bridesmaids a pearl necklace and a diamond pendant. Lucky bridesmaids! But this practice will not, I fear, be generally followed.

Menus vary enormously. From the old printed ones, the hand-painted, the china, glass, or the silver menus, we have been led by imperceptible steps to the latest Parisian luxury, a gold menu set with precious stones, and bearing initials and coronet in diamonds. These art productions were to be found at Court in the days of the Grand Monarque, who used the arms of France with garlands of laurel leaves and ears of corn; but it has been reserved for the present age of luxury to put them on the tables of private persons. Superb glass and crystal are not yet used as much as they might be. In the sixteenth century beautifully cut and chiselled cups of crystal formed the appanage of the great, who never used the most trivial utensil except fashioned as a work of art. In the collection bequeathed by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild to the British Museum several of these beautifully chased cups figure. They were, no doubt, ordered by and used at the Courts of the various Italian Grand Dukes. Such lavish expenditure encourages the art of the goldsmith and the lapidary, and is far more praiseworthy than the mere spending on flowers, which are tossed aside and wither in a night.

The revival of commemorative days and their floral celebrations has done much for the flower trade lately. The demand for roses

on St. George's Day was immense, and the supply at Covent Garden was not equal to the demand. On Primrose Day the same thing happened, and the wearing of shamrocks caused an enormous sale of trefoil on a previous occasion. Flowers hitherto have not sufficiently formed a part of our national celebrations, perhaps owing to their scarcity and their price, but a great impetus will be given to the trade now, and the delicate flower fancies confer a fresh charm and delight on life. The crowning of the rose queen might be revived, and many of the picturesque ancient ceremonies. Crowning the victors after war would seem peculiarly appropriate just now. Scotch families almost all have their floral badges, originating from ancient times, when men used distinctive nicknames and ladies adopted distinctive floral emblems. Richard III. leased Lord Warwick's mansion at Chelsea to the widowed Duchess of Norfolk for the yearly rental of one red rose. All the old-fashioned flowers have such pretty meanings, far more suggestive than their Latin names. The monk's hood,

## "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen"

THE title that Mr. Wilkins gives to these handsome volumes suggests a work of fiction, but although that is far from the case, it may truly be said that few novels tell a more romantic story than that which is told here—the story of the lives and the loves of Sophia Dorothea of Celle, the unhappy consort of George I. of England, and her equally unfortunate lover, Count Philip Königsmark.

Speaking of the Princess the author says:—"The story of her romantic life has been shrouded in mystery, and she has been even more misrepresented than the 'Queen of Tears,' Mary Stuart. Her imprisonment was longer and more rigorous than Mary's captivity in England, and the assassination of Königsmark was as dramatic as the murder of Rizzio."

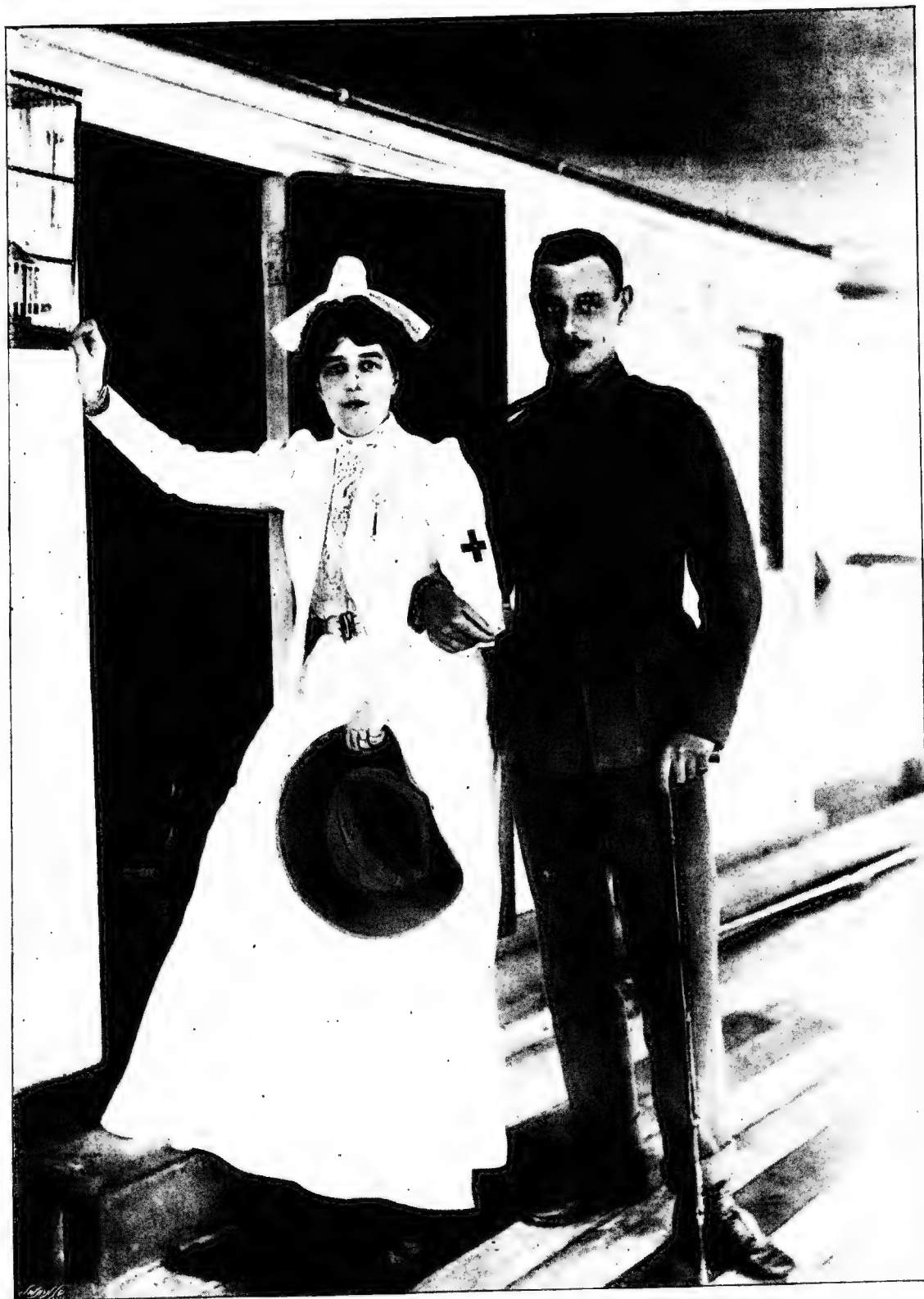
The romance has been the subject of numberless pamphlets and so-called memoirs, but it has remained for Mr. Wilkins to produce the actual proof of the intrigues of the much-to-be-pitied but, nevertheless, guilty couple. The proofs, the authenticity of which is undoubted, consist of the actual letters written to each other by the lovers themselves—letters so full of passion, so expressive of love and devotion, that it seems almost sacrilege, even after a lapse of two hundred years, to bring them out into the full glare of daylight. This correspondence exists to this day in the library of the University of Lund, in Sweden. Mr. Wilkins has established their genuineness by comparing the dates and events mentioned in the letters with the despatches of Sir William Dutton Colt, the English Envoy at Hanover, which he discovered in the Hanoverian archives, and are now published for the first time.

The story of Sophia Dorothea has been told many times. Born of the morganatic union of the Duke of Celle and the beautiful Eleonora d'Olbreuse, her birth was not legitimised until she was five years of age, when the Emperor made her mother Countess of Wilhelmsburg. On her seventeenth birthday, there was much excitement in Celle; the Duke Antony Ulrich of Wolfenbüttel was on his way to offer his son as a husband for Sophia Dorothea. Unfortunately for all concerned Sophia of Hanover had been persuaded that it was to her interest that her son, George Louis, should marry the unlucky girl, so she started in great haste for Celle and arrived in advance of Wolfenbüttel. She insisted, notwithstanding the early hour of the morning, in being shown into the bedroom of the Duke of Celle, and there, speaking in Low Dutch, so as not to be understood by the Duchess, who was in the next room, she induced him to betroth his daughter to her son. Eleonora did all in her power to prevent the match, but her husband was obdurate, and went himself to announce his decision to his daughter. He found his daughter in a passion of grief and anger. She threw the present that her father had given her on behalf of George Louis, and which consisted of a miniature set in diamond, against the wall with such force that it was completely shattered and the precious stones fell all about the room. In the end she was forced to accede to her father's wishes, and the marriage took place, her husband receiving with her that which he valued far more than herself, 100,000 thalers a year. George Louis was not a pleasant man to live with. His own mother

said of him: "He is the most pig headed boy who ever lived, and who has round his brains such a thick crust that I defy any man or woman ever to discover what is in them. He does not care much for the match itself, but 100,000 thalers a year have tempted him as they would have tempted anybody else."

Sophia Dorothea bore her husband two children—a son, who became George II. of England, and a daughter, the future Queen of Prussia, and mother of Frederick the Great. In 1688 Count Philip Königsmark, a handsome young Swede, an officer of the Hanoverian army, appeared on the scene. At this time George Louis saw but little of his wife; he preferred the life of the camp and the company of his mistress, Ermingarda Melusina von Schulenberg, a protégée of Countess Platen, the Elector's mistress, and the *bête-noire* of Sophia Dorothea, and of Königsmark who had rejected her favours. The letters, full of love, jealousy, and lovers' reproaches, show how passionately fond of each other the pair

"The Love of an Uncrowned Queen." Fy W. H. Wilkins. (Hutchinson.)



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND HER WOUNDED SON, MR. J. CHURCHILL  
ON BOARD THE HOSPITAL SHIP "MAINE" IN DURBAN HARBOUR

From a Photograph by J. Bowers

which typifies knight errantry; the wolf's bane or misanthropy; the zephyr flower or anemone, expectation; the wake-robin or arum lily, ardour; the bitter-sweet, truth; honesty, its own name; the ladies' slipper, capricious beauty; kingcups, quaking grass, wind flowers, harebells, sensitive plants, all convey varied images of beauty and grace, concluding with, as Shelley sings:—

Narcissi, the fairest of them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes, in the stream's recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

The suicide of a nurse, who stabbed herself with a pair of scissors, and previously wrote a description of her sensations under the influence of chloroform and laudanum, reminds one of De Quincey's opium-eater, or Lady Caroline Lamb's famous stabbing scene, perpetrated for the benefit of Lord Byron. The courage required to analyse one's sensations, and court death at any price, fortunately seems somewhat unusual in a woman.



## A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

### A SPANISH COUNT REDUCES HIS WEIGHT 34lb. IN 22 DAYS.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (250 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 4d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes:—"Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: "My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 10 kilos—i.e., 34lb." Another writes: "So far (six weeks) from the commencement of following your system I have lost fully two stone in weight." The next (a lady) writes: "I am just half the size." At third: "I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks)." Another writes: "A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success." A lady from Bournemouth writes: "I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about." Again, a lady says: "It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over." The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*.

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The Royal Geographical Society has just received a remarkable relic of Dr. Livingstone. When the great explorer died at Chitambo, south of Lake Bangweulu, the natives opened his body, removed his heart and placed it in a tin box, which they buried under a large tree. An inscription was cut on the tree, and the Royal Geographical Society sent subsidies to the native chiefs to preserve the sanctity of the spot. Livingstone's body was sent to England and buried in Westminster Abbey, but for more than twenty years no white man visited the site of the tree under which his heart had been placed. Some time ago reports were received that the tree was decaying, and Mr. Alfred Sharpe, Commissioner to the British Central Africa Protectorate, recommended its felling. This was done, and the section containing the inscription was forwarded to England. All that now remains of the inscription is "Dr. Livingstone, May 4, 1873. . . . . Za Mniase Uchopere."

A CURIOUS RELIC OF LIVINGSTONE

became. Königsmark gave up his position, his estates, and his future career for love of the Princess. Sophia Dorothea tried vainly to induce her father to settle a separate estate upon her. At last the idea of flight suggested itself, but the end came before it could be carried out.

The last meeting took place in the castle of Leine. The Countess Platen heard of it from her spies, and, armed with a warrant for the arrest of Königsmark, she waited, attended by four halberdiers, for him to come out of the Princess's room. After some time, he came out, and walked softly along the corridor towards the door by which he had entered, but which he now found closed. At the command of the Countess, the four desperadoes rushed upon him. "For a few minutes there was a desperate conflict, during which two of his adversaries were wounded, and though Königsmark was fighting in the dark and against four armed men, the result seemed uncertain until his sword snapped in twain. This placed him at the mercy

of his assailants, and he fell severely wounded in the head by a cut from a battle-axe, and run through the body by a sword. Even as he fell his cry was 'Spare the Princess! Spare the innocent Princess!' and then he swooned. The men bound and dragged him, bleeding as he was, into the vestibule where Countess Platen awaited her victim. . . . At the sight of his enemy's malignant face Königsmark realised that he was the victim of her hate, and he rallied all his strength to curse her bitterly for the foul thing she was. His lips were shut by the foot of his murderess, who, pretending to slip on his blood, trod by design upon his mouth." Before morning he was secretly buried and all signs of the struggle wiped away. The last chapters of the book deal with the divorce of Sophia Dorothea, and her imprisonment in Ahlders.

Both from a historical and a literary point of view these volumes are of great value. They clear up, to a great extent, the mystery that has long overhung the House of Hanover, and Thackeray's condemnation of both Sophia and Königsmark is shown to be as unjust as it is severe.

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By W. MOY THOMAS

### "LADY HUNTWORTH'S EXPERIMENT"

HUMOUR, observation of life, and a strong feeling for character, are qualities that have rarely been wanting in Mr. R. C. Carton's pieces. In these regards his new play at the CRITERION is certainly not below the standard of its predecessors. In its conception *Lady Huntworth's Experiment* is of a farcical complexion. Its heroine is a titled lady who, in order to escape from the hateful presence of a drunken and worthless husband, absconds from her home, allows a divorce suit maliciously brought against her to go by default, and takes a situation as cook in a country vicarage. When it is known that Caroline Rayward—such is the name which Lady Huntworth assumes with her disguise—receives while in this capacity three offers of marriage, one from the surly but cringing man-servant, Gandy, another from Captain Dorvaston, a sporting officer of the Bengal Cavalry, and yet another from her grave bachelor master, the Reverend Mr. Audley Pillenger, and that she finds it expedient successively to conceal all these personages, besides her brutal husband, who has accidentally discovered her whereabouts, in kitchen cupboards and other convenient retreats, it will be seen that we have here just such a datum as a professional purveyor of "farcical comedies" would feel himself at home with. But Mr. Carton's handling of these and other details belongs to the domain, not of farce, but of comedy. When we examine the entertainment which is so bountifully provided, we find that it is mainly dependent upon character and dialogue. Mrs. Rayward's quietly dictatorial habit, the sort of mild despotism which she has come to exercise in the Vicar's circle—not excepting his stately sister, Miss Hannah Pillenger—and finally the sort of epidemic of love-making of which she becomes the object, are all elements of true humour which are brought out by the dramatist with a master hand. The piece is not less happy in the distribution of parts among the members of

the CRITERION company. Miss Compton, as the amateur cook, is necessarily the central figure of the play. The part is played by her with that pleasantly cynical and quietly authoritative manner with which this actress has so often diverted her audiences. How her escapade ends it would be a pity to weaken the reader's interest by revealing. It will be guessed, no doubt, that it is not altogether unconnected with the interest taken in her by the rough-and-ready, not too refined, but thoroughly honest and sincere Dorvaston, who is only too glad to hand over the Vicar's niece, Lucy, with whom he has drifted into a quasi engagement to the more congenial arms of her uncle's curate. It will be readily understood that Mr. Arthur Bourchier makes the Captain a very amusing personage. As a sketch of humorous character the prim, courteous, sententious, but susceptible Vicar, as played by Mr. Eric Lewis, is perhaps even better. Mr. Hendrie's Gandy, Miss Coleman's Hannah Pillenger, and Miss Pollie Emery's Keziah, the scullery-maid, are also good in their respective ways, while Mr. Dion Bouicault brings into full relief the odious traits of the worthless Huntworth masquerading under the name of Mr. Crayll. *Lady Huntworth's Experiment* is likely to prove one of the chief successes of the season.

### "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

In these days, when comediettas and miniature dramas have fallen into undeserved neglect, the manager who presents us with a one-act play of striking originality, bestowing upon it the care and pains which are generally reserved for more substantial productions, deserves to have his merits handsomely acknowledged. *Madame Butterfly*, a miniature drama—founded by Mr. David Belasco, the American dramatist, upon a magazine story—which now follows Mr. Jerome's *Miss Hobbs* in the programme of the DUKE OF YORK'S Theatre, is a pleasing little idyll of Japanese life and manners, to which the only serious objection is that its harrowing dénouement is too violent for the prevailing gentleness and prettiness of the play. It is a simple story of a Japanese girl, Cho-Cho-San, who gives her hand and heart to Lieutenant Pinkerton, an American naval officer, by whom she is cruelly abandoned. He has left her with a promise to return, and he fulfils his promise after a lapse of two years, but it is only to inform her that their Japanese marriage is not binding, and that under these circumstances he has taken to wife a pretty fellow-countrywoman, and proposes to console his victim with a gift of money. As if to complete the evidence of his coarse and callous nature, he introduces his American bride into the presence of her discarded and insulted rival. Thereupon Cho-Cho-San, in her despair, takes in hand a terrible knife, cuts her throat behind a screen, and, staggering out, dies, holding in her arms her little child, whose eyes she has carefully bandaged for the occasion. All the details of the Japanese home are pretty, and very touching is the faith of Cho-Cho-San in her betrayer's constancy, as shown by her patient watching at the window for her lover—his ship being known to have arrived in the port of the town—and her care to decorate the Japanese room, and even strew the ground with roses in honour of his return. Miss Evelyn Millard, who wears her Japanese attire with a very dainty grace, plays the part of the heroine of this somewhat painful little tragedy with much tenderness and pathos; but her broken English is apt to be intermittent. The faithless lieutenant is played by Mr. Alan Aynesworth.

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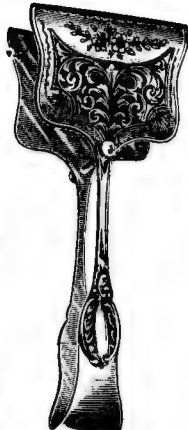
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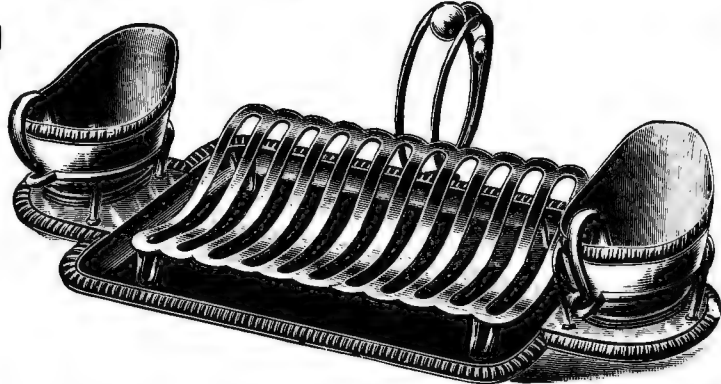


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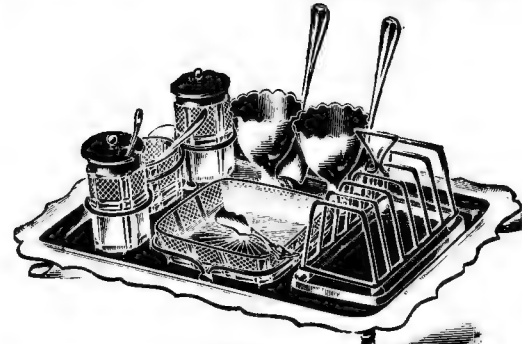
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## New Novels

## "CEASE FIRE"

Mr. J. MACLAREN COBBAN's new novel (Methuen and Co.) is the confession of a young Englishman of Potchefstroom, whose preternatural silliness led, according to his own account, to the disaster of Majuba in 1881. He was selected, on the ground of his obvious idiocy, by an Irishwoman in the Boer service for picking up information of British movements, and innocently reporting it to her, who naturally transmitted it to the enemy. For the rest the story is essentially one of adventure, under conditions of time, place, and circumstance which enable any fairly competent author to combine a maximum of excitement with a minimum of probability. Of course it is intended to catch the all-pervading interest of the hour; and as no doubt many hundreds of pens are at present busy on the war novel, each and all ought to be warned that if it wants to beat Mr. Cobban's Boer in the matter of blackness, it will find a suitable ink of sufficient jettness difficult to procure. On the other hand, it should not be hard to present a more attractive portrait of the British soldier. The "Cease Fire" of the title is, of course, a reference to Mr. Gladstone.

## "THE KINGS OF THE EAST"

The contemporary politics of the kingdom of Thracia, as explored to their most recondite recesses by Sydney C. Grier, are becoming formidably complicated. Indeed it is impossible fully to appreciate, or even perfectly to comprehend, "The Kings of the East: A Romance of the Near Future" (Blackwood and Sons), without an intimate recollection of the previous careers and entanglements of his principal personages, as formerly chronicled by the same historian, and access to an almanac that was never published by Whitaker, and to another that has not yet issued from Gotha. The present work contains two main lines of interest. One is an attempt of a clique of Hebrew capitalists and reformers to make a principality of Palestine a first step to the substantial conquest of the world. The brains of the scheme are provided by the Count Mortimer, who was formerly (if we remember rightly) principal Minister of Thracia during the short-lived reign of his brother, Lord Caerleon. The scheme entangles all the Powers of Europe before the project and the brain collapse together, and leave "Scythia," *alias* Russia, mistress of Palestine and the situation. The other main line is the reunion of the same Count Mortimer and the Queen Mother of Thracia, after a series of plots, counterplots, and excitingly perilous adventures that speak well for the romance of the future in comparison with the somewhat threadbare romances of the present. Altogether a fuller novel, in every sense, has seldom appeared, and the author's

ingenuity in showing how little the facts of international politics may have to do with their appearances is evidently meant to be something more than merely entertaining. "The Kings of the East" is unquestionably an able and occasionally brilliant piece of work.

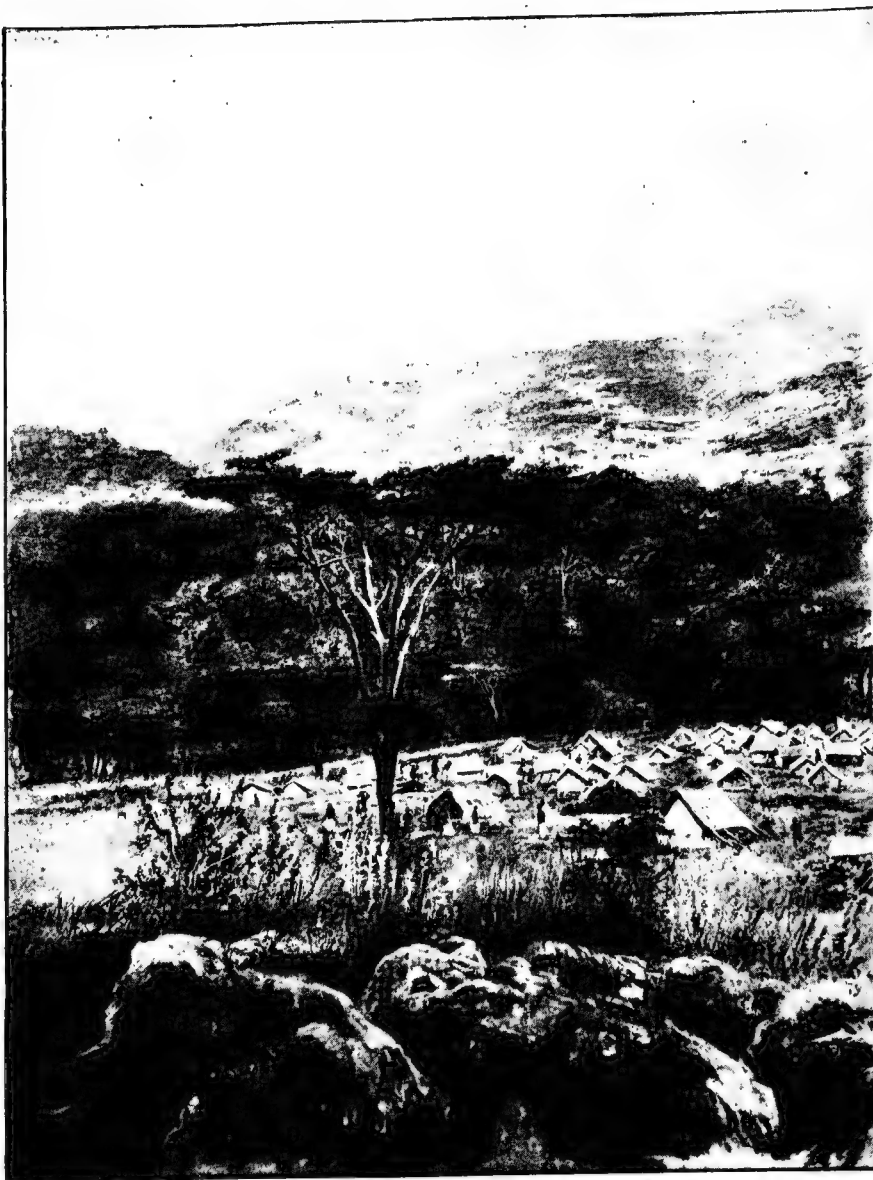
But a reader who is not more or less already saturated with its subject and its characters will find the latter rather shadowy, and their story far from easy to follow.

## "THE CHAINS OF CIRCUMSTANCE"

The notorious irony of fate could scarcely be better exemplified than by the desperate, almost tragic, efforts of a man to keep a secret which is all the time quite well known to everybody whom it concerns. This is the main motive of "The Chains of Circumstance" (Digby, Long and Co.), which Mr. T. W. Speight has woven about that prosperous merchant, James Heneage, of Rockampton. Indeed, there are two secrets which make that apparently happy and fortunate personage a victim to years of misery and terror, and keep the reader in a state of prolonged suspense as to the issue. We cannot promise the latter much interest in Mr. Speight's somewhat wooden array of characters; but they work out among them a decidedly ingenious plot, without the intervention of a single detective, professional or amateur. And it is entirely against our principles, in such a case, to say a word that amounts to a betrayal of the confidence which should exist between the inventor of an unexpected *dénouement*, and every individual reader. The plot is unquestionably clever, and is accordingly to be recommended to all who require nothing more.

## "A CRAZY MOMENT"

It was certainly a very crazy moment when young Mrs. Ashe, the leading lady of Sarah Tytler's new novel (Digby, Long and Co.), disappointed in her expectation of motherhood, stole a baby from a working man's wife with whom she had got into casual talk at the London Bridge Station. But the many years during which she attempted to carry out a cruel fraud upon her husband and everybody concerned, without any sort of occasion, bespeak much more than mere momentary insanity. But perhaps the critical moment in question was when, some dozen years after the theft, she fancied she might make some kind of undetected reparation by engaging the child's real mother, now become a drunken slattern, as a schoolroom maid or, perhaps, it was when she blurted out the truth just when that had become even more cruel and less necessary even than the original deception. What sort of complications might arise when the stolen girl, grown up and engaged, was suddenly made aware of her real family history, may be imagined. No doubt there are conditions under which there is nothing of which a naturally weak-minded woman is altogether incapable; but whatever interest they excite can scarcely be called healthy. The novel, however, contains more normally human elements, as in the pathetically happy coming together, at last, of an awkward curate and of a high-spirited girl who made a butt of him, after he had unconsciously grown up to her and she to him. And these elements are well handled.



The advance camp of the Uganda telegraph construction party is at Esali in the Nyando Valley, about forty miles from Lake Victoria. Mr. A. F. Church and Mr. S. Couper are the principal officials of the advance party, who are running a field telegraph ahead of the railway. At the end of December they were approaching the Lake, and on January 7 a telegraph station was opened at Port Ugowe, on the Victoria Nyanza. It is proposed to carry the temporary telegraph line right on to Kampala.

## TELEGRAPH CAMP IN THE NYANDO VALLEY, UGANDA

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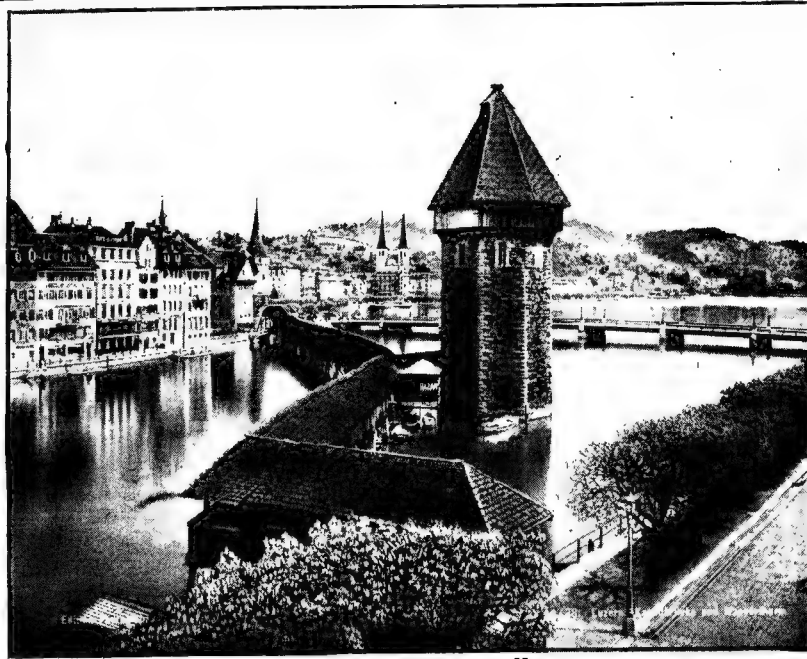
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## Music

## OPERATIC MATTERS

It has now been settled that the Opera Season shall open at Covent Garden on Monday week with *Faust*, in which Madame Melba will play Marguerite, M. Saléza will be Faust, and M. Cléry, a baritone from Brussels, will make his *début* as Valentine. Madame Ternina will on the second night appear as Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*, and on Wednesday, in all probability, Mlle. Miranda will make her *début*, Thursday being set apart for *Carmen*, and the following



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Saturday for *Cavalleria Rusticana*, both with Madame Calvé. Mr. Grau will, however, not arrive till the end of this week, when the final arrangements will definitely be made. To the general features of the coming season we have already alluded.

## "AN AMERICAN BEAUTY"

On the day after the production of *An American Beauty*, which now succeeds *The Belle of New York* at the Shaftesbury, the management, according to an announcement officially made, entirely reconstructed the second act, struck out the opening scene, divided the rest into two acts, cut out a good deal of the variety element, and restored some of the original music. It is claimed that this has considerably improved the work, and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of the assertion. The only pity is that so necessary a step was not undertaken before, instead of after, the first night. The first act of *An American Beauty*—a piece, by the way, which was originally produced about four years ago in the United States, with Miss Lilian Russell as the heroine, and which is by the author and composer of *The Belle of New York*—deals with a very slender plot, prominent personages of which are a certain wealthy American girl, an impecunious German Prince who is betrothed to her (although the lady herself from time to time conveniently forgets the day and hour fixed for their nuptials), and one of the queerest specimens ever seen, even upon the American stage, of the genus British Earl. The Peer in question is a lackadaisical and apparently brainless creature who wanders about the place with no definite aim, sings love songs before and behind the scenes, grows rare flowers, and flatters himself, quite without warrant, that his title is a profound secret from everybody. He might have married the dashing heroine at the end of the first act, had it not been for the fact that the authors desired to prolong their piece by nearly another couple of hours, in order that Miss Edna May might be brought on the stage riding upon a wonderful "property" elephant; and in order also that various personages might indulge in Christy Minstrel choruses, in step dances and cake walks, and in comic songs and choruses, and that the whole of the *dramatis personæ* might, without the slightest excuse, be suddenly transferred from a circus tent in the United States to Monte Carlo. It is impossible to say what the piece will be like a few weeks hence, although that it will then be a great improvement upon the first night may readily be believed. At present the *American Beauty* depends very little upon the music, which is for the most part conventional enough, and very largely upon the laughter-provoking whimsicalities of Mr. Carle—especially in a burlesque of a comic opera, in which by a change of moustache from his lips to his chin he "doubles" the part of the stage lover and the irate father—and upon the vivacity of Miss Edna May, whose "baby" song, although it may not be either a musical or poetic masterpiece, is one of the "hits" of the play.

At Mr. Manns' forty-fourth annual benefit at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when the famous permanent orchestra of the Crystal Palace made its last regular appearance, the veteran conductor started his programme with Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony in B minor, which he was the first to produce in England as far back as 1867, and ended the concert with the *Tannhäuser* Overture, which he produced here forty-three years ago. Tchaikowsky's

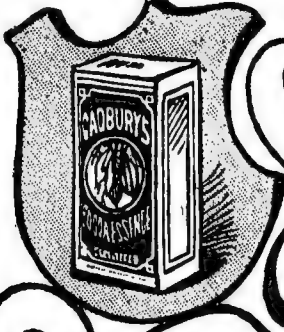
humorous Ballet Suite, "Sleeping Beauty," was performed, and, for the first time in public, the second section of Mr. Bell's "Walt Whitman" Symphony, a movement, the chief features of which are a series of eight ingeniously constructed variations upon an original theme.

Madame Patti has now arranged that her first concert this season, under the management of Messrs. Harrison, shall take place at the Albert Hall on Thursday, the 31st inst. Another interesting concert will be given at St. James's Hall, on the afternoon of June 9, by Miss Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, the gentleman to whom the eminent contralto is betrothed. Indeed, a few weeks later, the two will be married.



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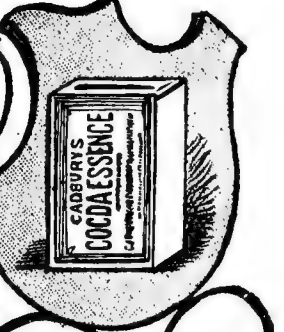
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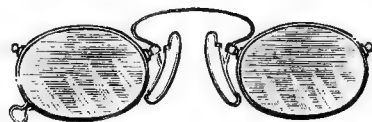
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## "When We Dead Awaken"

HENRIK IBSEN's new play, now published by Mr. Heinemann, is a work which you read twice to discover the inner meaning, and having found an inner meaning regret what it teaches. All the old splendid mastery of technique is there, but if the play reveals anything it reveals that in his old age its author has fallen a victim to his failings. There is an idea, and an interesting idea, in the story of the sculptor spoiled by success who feels that he has lost his inspiration—that he has rated art as higher than love or life, and in the end has lost whatever joys belong to any of the three, but there is a weird undercurrent of lunacy pervading the whole thing which is sometimes repellent and sometimes pathetic. The brutal animalism of the bear hunter, who fascinates Maia, the sculptor's uncongenial wife, the artist's model, with her murderous impulses and generally unbinged conversation, her ghostly sister of mercy, who watches over her, all the characters, in fact, who try to find spiritual or material satisfactions on those mountains which play so large a part in the dramatist's recent work, are one and all the projections of a brain which either can no longer, or will no longer, see sanely. Between "When We Dead Awaken" or "Little Eyolf," and "The League of Youth" or "The Pillars of Society," there is a gulf which may not disturb good Ibsenites who like the master's later work, but which divides the rise from the decline of a genius. There are

traces here of the old wonderful skill. The terse, clean-cut dialogue, shorn of every superfluous syllable, is masterly, but symbolism, if persevered in, has a way of reacting on those who use it, and of this "When We Dead Awaken" furnishes a striking instance.

## Women and Their Work

We have received from the Countess of Aberdeen seven volumes (published by Messrs. Fisher Unwin) containing the official record of the "Transactions of the Second Quinquennial Meeting of the International Council of Women," held in the summer of last year. It hardly comes within our province to discuss the papers read at the Congress—that was thoroughly done at the time by the ladies themselves—but our readers might like to know the subject of each particular volume. They are entitled respectively, "Report of Council Transactions," "Women in Politics," "Women in Social Life," "Women in Industrial Life," "Women in Education," and, in two volumes, "Women in Professions." Whatever opinions men may have as to the desirability of their wives and daughters entering into politics, serving on local councils, or on the numerous Boards with which we are afflicted, women—that is to say, women of the International Council—are unanimous on the subject. They prove, to their entire satisfaction, that the world at large would benefit

to an almost incredible extent if they had a larger share in its management. The arguments they adduce, though rather one-sided, are unanswerable. The debates would be all the more convincing, more interesting, for an occasional touch of humour; as it is, their seriousness is truly appalling—the books of Euclid are bright and witty compared to them. The greatest praise is due to the organisers of the Congress and the officers of the International Council of Women. These volumes, of which the Countess of Aberdeen is the editor, testify as to the amount of work the meeting entailed.

"DEBRET'S HOUSE OF COMMONS AND JUDICIAL BENCH" (Dean and Son), which is now published for the thirty-fourth successive year, is too well known to need much commendation. Admirably arranged, beautifully printed, and illustrated with over 800 armorial bearings, it occupies a position by itself. From the interesting preface we learn that the opening of the seventh Session of the present Parliament found the parties in the House of Commons divided as follows:—Conservatives 332, Liberal Unionists 67, Liberals and Labour members 188, Nationalists 71, and Parnellites 11, giving the Government a majority of 129. Since last General Election 96 by-elections had been held, resulting in the return of 86 new members, 34 M.P.'s had died, 30 had resigned, 14 had vacated their seats on receiving appointments, 5 had been raised and 6 had succeeded to peerages. The Ministerialists gained 3 seats at by-elections, and lost 14.

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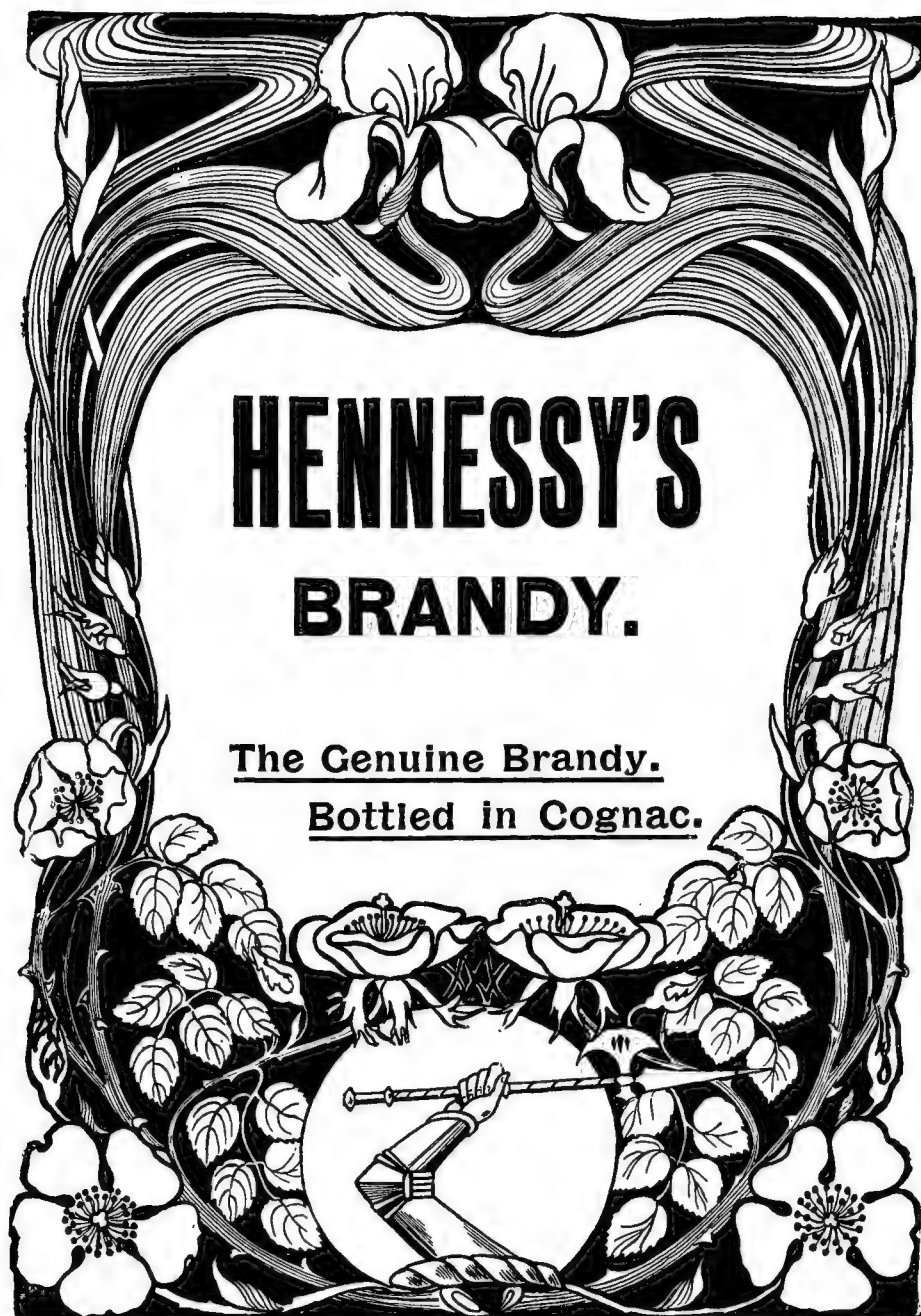
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

THE summer birds which arrived between April 11 and 19 had a brief burst of splendid weather from the 21st to the 25th, but the last four days of the month were a terrible experience. Coming from warmer climes, the migrants suffer sadly from night frosts and cold north-east winds if they meet with these before they have got at all acclimatised. We must, therefore, expect to find that the mortality has been heavy; in fact, a good many dead swallows have already been found, and the movement of the southern birds to the further north has been sharply checked. None the less, the nightingale may now be heard in the woods near Maidenhead, and also in the Fen country between Huntingdon and St. Ives, where there is not much shelter and the winds are bleak. The swift is said to have been seen at Hastings as early as April 12, but this we altogether doubt. The sedge-warbler, one of our most beautiful songsters, was heard at Maidenhead on April 24, and on the same day, at different places, the pied flycatcher, the yellow wagtail, and the grasshopper warbler were seen. April 24 was the last day of "the hot weather spell," and during the past six or seven days few songbirds have been prominent. When winds are cold almost all birds stint their song. The fine days already referred to brought out many of the hibernating Vanessa butterflies, among them the rare "Camberwell Beauty," which was seen at Surbiton

and also in Norfolk. The kingfishers have begun to hatch their young, and, despite the north-easterly currents, the trees have noticeably increased in foliage since a week ago. The sumach, the acacia, the Virginia creeper, and the ash, four of our latest plants and trees to come into leaf, are showing signs of leaf-buds, but there is not as yet any such spring signal on the mulberry or the vine. The orchards have suffered sadly from the sharp night frosts, and the plums in especial will hardly be what a fortnight ago was a reasonable hope. The wheat plant strikes us as not only backward but also as thin—we do not refer to devastation by wireworm, but to actual thinness of the plant. The Lent corn is miserably backward, and both oats and barley are sadly lacking in promise.

## THE PERIPATETIC FARM LABOURER

The Agricultural Organisation Society, just established at the central town of Nottingham, will have the good wishes of all parties in the State, for it is the first public body to recognise a very important fact, viz., that the peripatetic farm labourer exists as a wholly separate—and we hope, separable—person from the tramp. The society just formed will begin with the Irish farm labourer, who invades England in July and August. This is wise in every respect, for the labourer in question is in no way a loafer. He comes from a pastoral country where work in July and August is at a *minimum*, and seeks work in a country where, with corn crops to be secured, it is at a *maximum*. The difference in wages makes it worth his while, and he gives strenuous work and timely for the extra money. We only wish he could be prevailed upon to stop for the hopping in

Kent, the apple gathering in Somerset, the pear and plum crops of the Wye Valley, thereby replacing the vicious, troublesome, and filthy unclean immigrants from the great English cities, who carry every form of pollution and disease into the pleasant country shires. The tramp, pure and simple, the society will not seek to employ, for that person seeks no real employment.

## SCOTTISH COUNTRY NOTES

Winter at last is over, and even to the north of Inverness and the Highland Canal the trees are "thickening" and the copses putting on a tender hue of green. We are sorry to learn from the shepherds that losses have been very heavy. Snow has fallen often and late in the season, and scores of sheep have been buried and lost in it. The lambing season now well begun finds the pastures miserably destitute of feed, and the cost of feeding both ewes and lambs by hand will too often remove all hopes of profit. The wintering of cattle has not been attended by many losses, and as Scotland refuses to buy foreign cattle there is not that prevalence of disease which is the result of East Anglian imprudence and Privy Council want of care in South Britain. The good price made for mutton is some compensation to Scotch flockmasters for the expensiveness of keeping sheep. Oats were sown through all drawbacks from March 15 to late in April, but the early sown fields present a miserably backward appearance. The barley in Haddington and Berwick leaves much to desire, and wheat looks of poor promise wherever grown.

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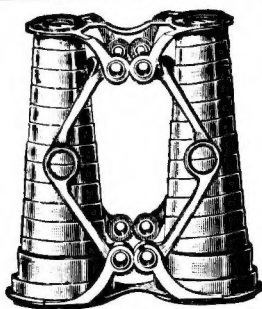
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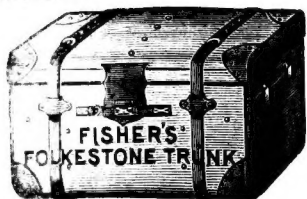
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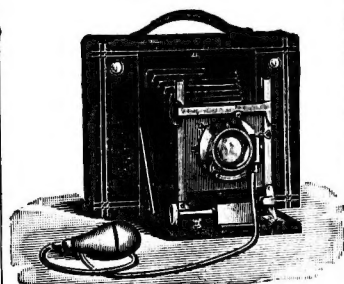
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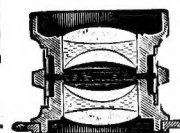
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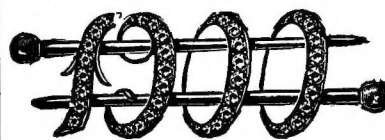
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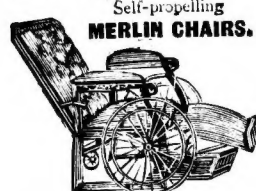
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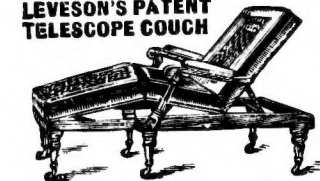
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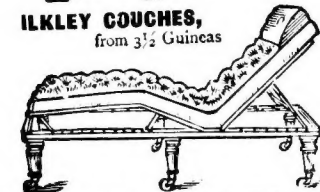
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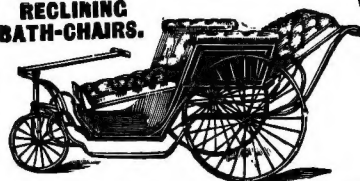
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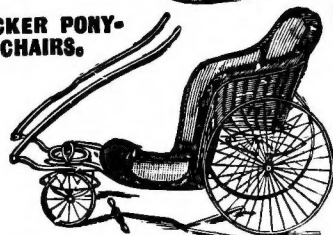
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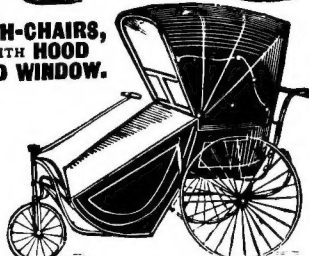
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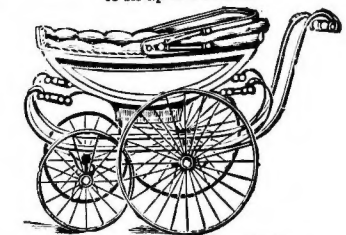
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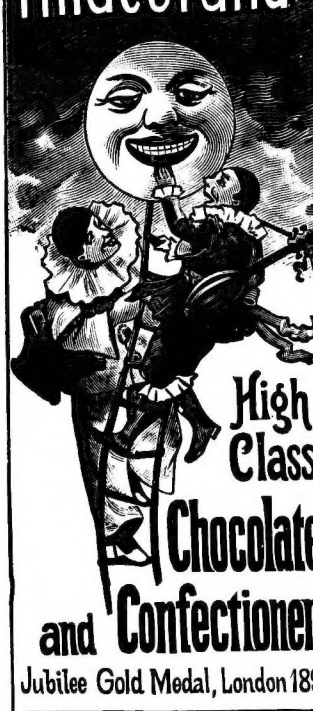
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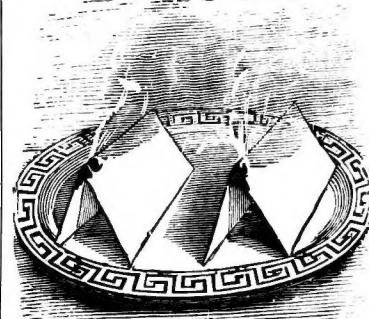
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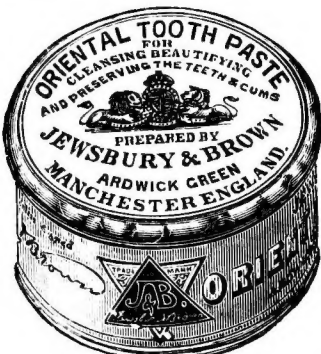
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